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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Delaware; or, the Ruined Family: a Tale.
3 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1833, Cadell;
London, Whittaker and Co.

LOVE, murder, and mystery—the love touched with nature and tenderness, the murder with due winding-up of the horrible, and the mystery well sustained—make *Delaware* a tale of much amusement and interest. The scenes are laid in domestic life and modern times, but, thank heaven! out of London. We say thank heaven, for the readers' sakes as well as our own; for really, of late years, both St. James's and St. Giles's have been so be-novelled, that there is scarcely a metropolitan parish left without its annals, or rather left with them—and the stock is thoroughly exhausted. To get even fifty miles on the road is an experiment which deserves encouragement, were it only for the novelty of the thing; but *Delaware* has its own merits to stand upon as well—the process of the story carries the reader pleasantly along, the characters are natural, and the dialogues very spirited; while a number of shrewd and lively remarks are scattered over the pages. We shall select a few specimens at random.

New method of travelling.—"Oh, any thing on earth to think of, of course renders travelling out of the question. It is no longer travelling, it is locomotion. It becomes the act of a stage-coach, a steam-engine, or any other machine, as soon as a person has one thought occupied by either business or memory, or any one of the troublesome things of the world. Before one sets out on a journey, one should shake out one's mind, as the ancient pilgrims did their wallets, and leave no trace of friends, or relations, or feelings, or prejudices, or remembrances of any kind, in short, to hang about it; but make all void and clear for the new stock of ideas that are to be placed in it. * * * If a man carries about in his mind his uncles and aunts, and sisters and brothers, and all the luggage of associations that they bring along with them, he might as well jog on in the old family coach at the rate of forty mortal miles per day, from the town-house in Berkeley Square to the country-house in Staffordshire. But let a man resolve to forget every thing on earth but the scenes through which he is passing, and he will find as much to interest, and amuse, and excite him—say, and as much to the purpose of real information too—between London and Dorchester, as between Paris and the Dardanelles."

Arrival in a country village.—"Two days before that on which we have thought fit to begin our tale, arrived by the coach—together with four portmanteaus, four dogs, and a gun-case—the servant whom we have seen waiting the traveller at the door of Mrs. Wilson's house. After a few inquiries at the inn, all conceived in very laconic style, he proceeded at once to Mrs. Wilson's, and, in words inexpressibly brief, concluded a bargain for her

apartments, as they were called, for one month from that period, in the name of his master, Henry Burrell, Esq. As soon as the important fact was generally known that a gentleman possessing four portmanteaus, four setters, a gun-case, and a man out of livery, was about to take up his residence for one month in the village of Emberton, the wise may imagine the commotion that was created. The object of his visit was evidently to shoot, otherwise what could he do with four setters and a gun-case; but there were various other matters to be ascertained by the young and old ladies of the village; first and foremost, whether the shooter might not be shot by Cupid's shaft—next, whether he were rich—next, whether he were young or old—next, whether he were a bachelor or a widower—and next, whether he had ever been in India. All these points, with the various branches into which they spread, were matters of consideration to the three classes of ladies that inhabit a small country town; namely, those who will not, or cannot, marry at all, or any more—those who will marry when it suits them—and those who, at any time, will marry any thing, or any body. However, not to enter into disagreeable particulars, the surgeon and apothecary, well knowing the importance of the case, the immense increase of influence he might acquire by learning the whole facts and all the concomitant advantages which might thence accrue, was the first to watch the servant out of the house, after the rumour had spread, and—accosting him in an easy and familiar way—to propound to him what the law-people call leading questions. But the servant was as taciturn and as guarded as a thrice-convicted Old Bailey witness is, or the ambassador's private secretary's valet-de-chambre should be; and nothing could the doctor make of him. The lawyer tried him next, and then the innkeeper; but all equally failed; and the consequence was, that at the hour the coach was expected to arrive on the two subsequent days, all Emberton was in a flutter. There were the misses this and the misses that, as fine as—but there is no word for it—all taking their afternoon walk along the line of road—and there was Mrs. the-other-thing, the fair young widow, in such becoming weeds, buying some gray silk at the mercer's opposite, which she found it necessary to examine by the broader light of the street-door, just as the wheels came rattling down the hill. The coach at length was seen to stop; and Burrell, who had noticed no one on the face of the earth but his own servant at the door of Mrs. Wilson's, walked into the house as we have before described, while the fact spread like lightning through the place that the gentleman at Mrs. Wilson's was young, handsome, dark, tall, and exquisite, and undoubtedly unmarried; for, by a peculiar test, or sort of instinct, which heaven has bestowed upon womankind, amongst their many other excellences, the fair sex have an extraordinary gift of discovering whether any male thing be married or single

at the distance of a hundred yards. There was but one subject of conversation throughout Emberton during the course of that evening."

Advantages of a fire happening.—"All the good folks in the place were agog with the joy and excitement of a fire, and the misfortunes of their fellow-creatures; and although it had been discovered, by the arrival of Mrs. Darlington's carriage, that unfortunately no one had been killed, yet every body looked out anxiously for the next comers from the scene of action, in order to have the pleasure of hearing a detailed account of the property destroyed. Good Lord! what a pleasure and satisfaction it was to the ladies of Emberton to commiserate Mrs. Darlington! There is certainly no affection of human nature half so gratifying as commiseration! It raises us so infinitely above the object we commiserate; and, oh! if that object have been for long years a thing or person to be envied!—Ye gods! quit your nectar, for it is not worth a sup, and learn to commiserate one another. 'Poor Mrs. Darlington! Only think how unfortunate to have her fine place entirely destroyed!' cried Commiseration. 'She that was so smart and gay, and held her head so high!' observed Envy. 'No great harm; it will lower her pride!' said Hatred. 'They say all her title-deeds are burned, and she is likely to lose the whole estate!' whispered Malice. 'It was ill enough got, I daresay!' added All Uncharitableness; 'for no one could tell how her father made his money!' And thus the matter being settled to the satisfaction of every one who had lungs to cry out, 'Poor Mrs. Darlington!' the good people of Emberton waited anxiously for the next arrival, to see whether it would afford them any thing equally new and pleasant to say upon the subject."

A Landscape.—"A flood of rich purple was gushing from the west, with two or three soft clouds of rose colour and gold hanging about the verge of the sky, while all the rest was blue, 'with one star looking through it, like an eye.' On his right lay the rich cultivated lands between Emberton and Ryebury; so full of tall trees, hedge-rows, masses of planting and park, that the yellow stubble-fields, or the fresh-ploughed fallow, could hardly be perceived amidst the warm though withering greens of the foliage. On his left lay a high wooded bank, above which peered up the edge of a more distant field; and beyond it again the hills, and wide downs, that stretched away towards the sea-side, in the dim purple shadow that covered all that part of the prospect, taking an aspect of wide and dreary solitude, very different from the gay sunshiny look the whole assumed in the daytime. Yet the scene, though full of repose, was any thing but melancholy. The partridges were calling in the fields round about, the blackbirds were flying on, from bush to bush, before the passengers, with that peculiar note, something between a twitter and song, with which they conclude their melody for the year; and some gay laugh-

ignited solids appear only as black spots on the disk of the sun when held between it and the eye. From this last remark it follows, that the body of the sun, however dark it may appear when seen through its spots, may, nevertheless, be in a state of most intense ignition. It does not, however, follow of necessity that it *must* be so. The contrary is at least physically possible. A perfectly reflective canopy would effectually defend it from the radiation of the luminous regions above its atmosphere, and no heat would be conducted downwards through a gaseous medium increasing rapidly in density. That the penumbral clouds are highly reflective, the fact of their visibility in such a situation can leave no doubt."

Kepler's Laws.—"In casting our eyes down the list of the planetary distances, and comparing them with the periodic times, we cannot but be struck with a certain correspondence. The greater the distance, or the larger the orbit, evidently the longer the period. The order of the planets, beginning from the sun, is the same, whether we arrange them according to their distances, or to the time they occupy in completing their revolutions; and is as follows:—Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars,—the four ultra-zodiacal planets,—Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus. Nevertheless, when we come to examine the numbers expressing them, we find that the relation between the two series is not that of simple *proportional* increase. The periods increase more than in proportion to the distances. Thus, the period of Mercury is about 88 days, and that of the Earth 365—being in proportion as 1 to 4.15, while their distances are in the less proportion of 1 to 2.56; and a similar remark holds good in every instance. Still, the ratio of increase of the times is not so rapid as that of the squares of the distances. The square of 2.56 is 6.5536, which is considerably greater than 4.15. An intermediate rate of increase, between the simple proportion of the distances and that of their squares, is therefore clearly pointed out by the sequence of their numbers; but it required no ordinary penetration in the illustrious Kepler, backed by uncommon perseverance and industry, at a period when the data themselves were involved in obscurity, and when the processes of trigonometry and of numerical calculation were encumbered with difficulties of which the more recent invention of logarithmic tables has happily let us no conception, to perceive and demonstrate the real law of their connexion. This connexion is expressed in the following proposition:—"The squares of the periodic times of any two planets are to each other, in the same proportion as the cubes of their mean distances from the sun." Take, for example, the Earth and Mars, whose periods are in the proportion of 365:2564 to 6869:796, and whose distances from the sun is that of 100000 to 152369; and it will be found, by any one who will take the trouble to go through the calculation, that— $(365:2564)^2 :: (6869:796)^3 :: (100000)^3 : (152369)^3$."

Relative Magnitudes and Distances of the Planets.—"We shall close this chapter with an illustration calculated to convey to the minds of our readers a general impression of the relative magnitudes and distances of the parts of our system. Choose any well levelled field or bowling-green. On it place a globe, two feet in diameter; this will represent the Sun; Mercury will be represented by a grain of mustard seed, on the circumference of a circle 164 feet in diameter for its orbit; Venus a pea, on a circle 284 feet in diameter; the Earth also a pea, on a circle of 430 feet; Mars a rather large

pin's head, on a circle of 654 feet; Juno, Ceres, Vesta, and Pallas, grains of sand, in orbits of from 1000 to 1200 feet; Jupiter a moderate-sized orange, in a circle of nearly half a mile across; Saturn a small orange on a circle of four-fifths of a mile; and Uranus a full-sized cherry, or small plum, upon the circumference of a circle more than a mile and a half in diameter. As to getting correct notions on this subject by drawing circles on paper, or, still worse, from those very childish toys called orreries, it is out of the question. To imitate the motions of the planets, in the above-mentioned orbits, Mercury must describe its own diameter in 41^h; Venus, in 4^m 14^s; the Earth, in 7^m; Mars, in 4^m 48^s; Jupiter, in 2^h 56^m; Saturn, in 3^h 13^m; and Uranus, in 2^h 16^m."

We might multiply extracts, but we think the above amply adequate to afford our readers an idea of the work. Were we to quarrel with Sir John at all, it would be for calling the planet discovered by his father Uranus instead of Herschel. He himself protests against the practice of nicknaming the constellations after heathen gods and monsters to which they bear some fancied resemblance. Wherefore, then, does he commit the same fault? We are fully aware that the planet is named Uranus on the continent, from a wish to preserve uniformity in the nomenclature of the science; still we think this practice more honoured in the breach than the observance. Terrestrial places are named after their discoverers—why not so in the heavens? What more glorious immortality for an astronomer than to have his name indelibly inscribed among the celestial host?

Kidd's Picturesque Pocket Companion to Southampton, &c. Ditto to the Isle of Wight. Ditto to Brighton. 18mo. London, 1833. Kidd.

With every inclination to commend these neatly printed and neatly embellished volumes, we are forced to protest against the carelessness and inaccuracy which they exhibit, and which the rage for cheap and trumphy publications is so much calculated to encourage. The idea of a series of guide-books to the various places of general resort is excellent, and the pocket size and mode of illustration, by numerous clever wood-engravings, adopted by Mr. Kidd, is equally judicious; but the literary portion is disgraceful alike to the author and the publisher. The very first page of the Southampton Guide exhibits no bad specimen of an English bull; for we are told, that "In the *Saxon Chronicle* it is recorded that the town was destroyed by the Danes in 873; for this, however, there is *no authority!*" Page 58 informs us that the Priory of St. Dennis, near Bittern, "was erected by *Henry the Eighth*, in the year 1124!" And, according to a passage in page 62, George the Fourth must have reigned upwards of forty years! for, speaking of Lyndhurst in the New Forest, it is stated that "*His late majesty* resided here for nearly a week, in June 1789, being the first king that Lyndhurst had entertained since the time of Charles the Second."

Were it necessary to offer further proof that we have not applied the strong term of "disgraceful" without sufficient reason, we might readily produce other very "doubtful facts," from the seventy-eight pages, of which Kidd's Southampton Guide-Book consists.

We will now illustrate the elegant style in which this volume is written. Truly, it is asserted at page 11, that "no other town can boast of so numerous an assemblage of noble-

men's and gentlemen's seats, elegant and remarkable objects, and picturesque situations," &c.: and therefore it is very proper that Sir H. Englefield should write an "elegant volume, entitled a 'Walk through Southampton';" that the new baths should be "an elegant establishment," except that they suddenly become, by the addition of "a neat subscription news and reading-room," turned (with the turning of the pages 21 and 22) into "a splendid establishment." Mr. Whale's club-house has "very large and elegant tables for billiards," and the archery is "a handsome building, containing a long and elegant room;" and poor Netley Abbey, only think of its ruins, stripped of "their elegant coat of ivy!" Netley must have been an elegant abbey even before it was coated with ivy, for the chapter-house is proved by "the remaining arches to have been highly elegant," and "some years since a part of the elegant roof (of the church) was to be seen."—Pages 49 and 50. Ridgeway, not far from Southampton, is "an elegant modern mansion;" and to the Angel Hotel, at Lympington, there "is attached an elegant assembly-room." If, therefore, Gillpin, the author of "Forest Scenery," is "an elegant and much-esteemed writer," and those who visit Winchester "will receive high gratification from the elegant volumes of her learned historian Dr. Milner," how much more gratification is in store for all admirers of elegance in Mr. Kidd's *Pocket Companion to Southampton!*

Let us now embark for the Isle of Wight, about which we find, from the preface, an elegant volume upon the history and geology of the island has already been written by the Messrs. Sheridan; and as we are assured that the pretensions of Mr. Kidd's "are altogether of a different nature," we will bid adieu to elegant Southampton. Yet, even in "the island," as Wight is pre-eminently called, we are doomed to find an elegant rival to Netley Abbey in St. Thomas's Chapel at Ryde, of which we are told, first, that "the elevation is very elegant;" secondly, that "the altarpiece is simple and elegant;" and thirdly, that an organ is "the only thing necessary to render the appointments of this elegant structure complete."—Pp. 69, 70. We are also assured that "East Cowes Castle, the property and residence of John Nash, Esq. is"—ay, is what, think you, reader?—with an interior, upon the construction of which "every attention to comfort and accommodation" has been paid; with a conservatory "of considerable extent," and filled with "a large collection of the finest exotics?"—an elegant gentleman's seat, perhaps, will be your reply to our question. No such thing: this comfortable and commodious residence, of the nineteenth century, with its French windows and its luxurious conservatory, absolutely, according to Mr. Kidd's author, "is an elegant specimen of the ancient fortress!" After this, we were not the least surprised to find that the castle of Carisbrooke "is now a heap of ruins," although "the grand entrance is over two bridges on the west side of the structure, through a strong machicolated gate, strengthened by a portcullis, and flanked by two large round towers. Passing the wicket of this ancient gate, the castle-yard presents itself to view, with the Chapel of St. Nicholas on the right hand, where the Mayor of Newport and the high-constables are annually sworn into office by the governor of the island, or his deputy," &c. And the keep of this "heap of ruins," we are subsequently informed, is ascended by "seventy-three steps;

and in the building are nine more leading to the parapet. In one of the apartments of the keep," &c., p. 52. At Mottison, p. 108, a Druidical remain, called Longstone, "evidently erected by art," we are told in the same sentence, "rears itself about twelve feet above the ground."

Closing these little volumes, we will venture to assure both author and publisher, that the principal merit of a guide-book is superior accuracy; and where blunders of so obvious a nature as some of those we have pointed out are to be found, a consequent discredit is thrown by them upon every other statement with which they are associated. In no class of works should the value of descriptive words be more carefully weighed; for the abuse, as the too general application may be called, of "picturesque," "romantic," "neat," "beautiful," or "elegant," at once destroys the meaning of the epithet. In fact, these words, from the frequency of their occurrence, now convey no image, therefore are worthless; and it would be difficult, we believe, satisfactorily to define their respective meanings. "Picturesque" recalls to our mind the nose and chin of Doctor Syntax; "romantic," Braham in the opera of the "Devil's Bridge," or

"A sorrow, sublime sort of Werter-faced man,
As hyenas in love may be fancied to look, or
A something between Abeldar and old Blucher."

Forgive us, Thomas Moore, if we have misquoted thee. "Neat" by us is associated with Lady Morgan's "neat," "mighty *nate*;" "Beautiful" with a plum-pudding at Christmas; and need we, after what we have written, say that Kidd's guide-books have given us a perfect contempt for the word elegant?

From this sweeping censure, however, it is but justice to exempt Mr. Bonner, by whom we perceive the whole illustrations are designed and engraved; and to the ability displayed in which we are happy to be able conscientiously to bear testimony.

Andrew the Savoyard. From C. Paul de Kock. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1833. Marston and Co. ANOTHER adaption from the light and witty pages of De Kock, and executed with equal judgment and animation as regards the translation. It does not, however, equal its predecessor: the story is somewhat long, and we cannot enter heartily into the *déroulement*; the marriage with Manette jars upon our English ideas of constancy; and the death of Adolphe upon every feeling of poetical justice. Still, the same epigrammatic spirit pervades the work; the same lively delineation of character, often hit off by a single touch; and the same character so intensely French, which presents at least the novelty of complete opposition to ourselves. We must quote a scrap of dialogue, in which some of the peculiarities of Monsieur le Comte are amusingly displayed; but no extract can give an idea of a production like the present: we cannot catch a handful of sparkles and compress them into a column.

The gentleman in question has been saved by the courage of one of the guides, who has conducted him to his cottage.

"No easy chair!" said he, spreading his spindle shanks before the fire, and warming his fingers loaded with rings. "How ill these roads are kept! I must write to the prefect of this department. Ah, by the bye, tell me, my good man, when you came up to my carriage as it was floundering in the snow, why you cried out to the postillion to stop; what was that for?" "Because he was going towards a precipice, which the snow concealed from him; a

few more turns of the wheel, and you would all have perished." "How! what! I, the Comte de Francornard, I die in *that* manner—rolled into a hole! How extraordinary! I say, Champagne, can you conceive that? Dost thou understand to what danger I have been exposed? and I was sleeping tranquilly in my carriage all the time, surrounded with perils; by Jove, if that is not courage, I am an ass." "Monsieur le Comte always shews courage." "You are right, Champagne, I always do; but I hope this last trait will be cited in the history of my life. This is now at least the tenth time that it happened to me to be asleep at the moment of danger. You remember when my hotel caught fire. I was in a profound sleep while one entire chimney was burnt down; and if I had not been roused, I was capable of sleeping in that manner till morning, while every body else was running away. I say, Champagne, I call that *sang froid*. That is precisely, Monsieur le Comte, what all the world admires in your character." During this conversation between the master and servant, my mother approached the bed on which the little girl was lying still fast asleep. "Poor little thing," said she, "but for my husband you would have perished! Ah! Georget, how delightful to think that you have saved this charming creature—I am sure her eyes are as beautiful as the rest of her face. What a contrast to this rascally—" My father did not allow her to finish, but hastily bade her be silent. "Apropos," said the one-eyed gentleman, half turning towards my mother: "is my daughter still asleep?" "Your daughter!" said the good Marie, with a look of astonishment; "what, sir, is this lovely child your daughter?" "And what is there surprising in that?" said the little gentleman, throwing up his head; "if you had more light in your smoky room, you would see, my good woman, that this little girl is my very picture." M. Champagne walked over to the bed, and said to his master, "Mademoiselle is sound asleep." "The child takes after me in every thing; the same *sang froid*, the same coolness in danger—it runs in the blood. The family of the Francornards have been celebrated for it for ages! One of my ancestors slept on a battering ram at the siege of Jerusalem." "The eve of the assault, Monsieur le Comte?" "No; the day after. My grandfather had a horse fall under him twice!" "In service, Monsieur le Comte?" "No, in the riding-school; and when my father died he had more than two hundred scars on his body; what do you think of that, Champagne? two hundred scars! There are not many people can boast as much?" "Egad! I should think not. They were sabre wounds no doubt?" "No, they were from the bite of leeches: he was extremely plethoric. As for me, I carry on my face the proofs of my valour." "There is many a one would be glad to resemble Monsieur le Comte." "Yes, no doubt, Champagne; the loss of my eye has gained me many a heart." "I understood from Monsieur that it was in a quarrel with an Englishman he lost his eye?" "Yes, Champagne. Egad! that affair made no little noise. You see we had a dispute—as to which eat [ate] the fastest. I was conqueror, Champagne; and in his rage the Englishman threw a hard egg at me, which knocked my eye quite out of my head." "Good heavens!" "You may imagine my rage. If they had not held me, I should have fallen under the table. But I was amply revenged." "You killed your man?" "Yes, Champagne, a month after we had another trial, and my Englishman died of indigestion."

We now leave *Andrew the Savoyard*, with the parting compliment of assuring him he is very good company.

Walpole's Correspondence.

[Second notice.]

WE resume our pleasant task upon these delightful volumes, and trust that our readers will enjoy some portion of our gratification in continuing to peruse the extracts which we have endeavoured so to arrange as to convey an idea of the variety and vivacity of these most interesting pages. The Scottish rebellion of 1745, it may readily be supposed, supplied curious material for the correspondence carried on by Walpole; and we shall recommence with a few quotations from the second volume, relating to that memorable occasion, and the last describing the execution of Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino.

"The young pretender, at the head of three thousand men, has got a march on General Cope, who is not eighteen hundred strong; and when the last accounts came away, was fifty miles nearer Edinburgh than Cope, and by this time is there. The clans will not rise for the government: the Dukes of Argyll and Athol are come post to town, not having been able to raise a man. The young Duke of Gordon sent for his uncle, and told him he must arm their clan. 'They are in arms.' They must march against the rebels.' 'They will wait on the Prince of Wales.' The duke flew in a passion; his uncle pulled out a pistol, and told him it was in vain to dispute. Lord Loudon, Lord Fortrose, and Lord Panmure, have been very zealous, and have raised some men; but I look upon Scotland as gone! I think upon what King William said to Duke Hamilton, when he was extolling Scotland: 'My lord, I only wish it was a hundred thousand miles off, and that you was king of it.'"

Sept. 13.—"It is certain that a sergeant of Cope's, with twelve men, put to flight two hundred, on killing only six or seven. Two hundred of the Monroe-clan have joined our forces. Spirit seems to rise in London, though not in the proportion it ought; and then the person most concerned does every thing to check its progress: when the ministers propose any thing with regard to the rebellion, he cries, 'Pho! don't talk to me of that stuff.' Lord Granville has persuaded him that it is of no consequence. Mr. Pelham talks every day of resigning: he certainly will, as soon as this is got over!—if it is got over. So, at least, we shall see a restoration of Queen Sophia. She has lain-in of a girl, though she had all the pretty boys in town brought to her for patterns. The young chevalier has set a reward on the king's head: we are told that his brother is set out for Ireland. However, there is hitherto little countenance given to the undertaking by France or Spain. It seems an effort of despair, and weariness of the manner in which he has been kept in France. On the grenadiers' caps is written, *a grave or a throne*. He stayed some time at the Duke of Athol's, whither old Marquis Tullyardine sent to bespeak dinner; and has since sent his brother word that he likes the alterations made there. The pretender found pine-apples there, the first he ever tasted. Mr. Breton, a great favourite of the southern Prince of Wales, went the other day to visit the Duchess of Athol, and happened not to know that she is parted from her husband; he asked how the duke did! 'Oh,' said she, 'he turned me out of his house, and now he is turned out himself.' Every now and then a Scotchman comes and pulls the

boy by the sleeve; 'Prence, here is another man taken!' then, with all the dignity in the world, the boy hopes nobody was killed in the action!

"I must tell you a ridiculous accident: when the magistrates of Edinburgh were searching houses for arms, they came to Mr. Maule's, brother of Lord Panmure, and a great friend of the Duke of Argyll. The maid would not let them go into one room, which was locked, and, as she said, full of arms. They now thought they had found what they looked for, and had the door broke open, where they found an ample collection of coats of arms!

"Whatever disaffection there is to the present family, it plainly does not proceed from love to the other.

"Oct. 11.—The castle of Edinburgh has made a sally, and taken twenty head of cattle, and about thirty head of Highlanders."

"I came from town (for, take notice, I put this place upon myself for the country) the day after the execution of the rebel lords: I was not at it, but had two persons come to me directly who were at the next house to the scaffold; and I saw another who was upon it, so that you may depend upon my accounts. Just before they came out of the Tower, Lord Balmerino drank a bumper to King James's health. As the clock struck ten, they came forth on foot, Lord Kilmarnock all in black, his hair unpowdered in a bag, supported by Forster, the great Presbyterian, and by Mr. Home, a young clergyman, his friend. Lord Balmerino followed, alone, in a blue coat turned up with red, his rebellious regimentals, a flannel waistcoat, and his shroud beneath; their hearses following. They were conducted to a house near the scaffold; the room forwards had benches for spectators; in the second Lord Kilmarnock was put, and in the third backwards Lord Balmerino; all three chambers hung with black. Here they parted! Balmerino embraced the other, and said, 'My lord, I wish I could suffer for both!' He had scarce left him, before he desired again to see him, and then asked him, 'My Lord Kilmarnock, do you know any thing of the resolution taken in our army, the day before the battle of Culloden, to put the English prisoners to death?' He replied, 'My lord, I was not present; but since I came hither, I have had all the reason in the world to believe that there was such order taken; and I hear the duke has the pocket-book with the order.' Balmerino answered, 'It was a lie raised to excuse their barbarity to us.' Take notice, that the duke's charging this on Lord Kilmarnock (certainly on misinformation) decided this unhappy man's fate! The most now pretended is, that it would have come to Lord Kilmarnock's turn to have given the word for the slaughter, as lieutenant-general, with the patent for which he was immediately drawn into the rebellion, after having been staggered by his wife, her mother, his own poverty, and the defeat of Cope. He remained an hour and a half in the house, and shed tears. At last he came to the scaffold, certainly much terrified, but with a resolution that prevented his behaving in the least meanly or unlike a gentleman. He took no notice of the crowd, only to desire that the baize might be lifted up from the rails, that the mob might see the spectacle. He stood and prayed some time with Forster, who wept over him, exhorted, and encouraged him. He delivered a long speech to the sheriff, and with a noble manliness stuck to the recantation he had made at his trial; declaring he wished that all who embarked in the same cause might meet the same fate. He then took off his bag, coat, and waistcoat, with

great composure, and after some trouble put on a napkin-cap, and then several times tried the block; the executioner, who was in white, with a white apron, out of tenderness concealing the axe behind himself. At last the earl knelt down, with a visible unwillingness to depart, and after five minutes dropped his handkerchief, the signal, and his head was cut off at once, only hanging by a bit of skin, and was received in a scarlet cloth by four of the undertaker's men kneeling, who wrapped it up and put it into the coffin with the body; orders having been given not to expose the heads, as used to be the custom. The scaffold was immediately new-strewn with saw-dust, the block new-covered, the executioner new-dressed, and a new axe brought. Then came old Balmerino, treading with the air of a general. As soon as he mounted the scaffold, he read the inscription on his coffin, as he did again afterwards: he then surveyed the spectators, who were in amazing numbers, even upon masts of ships in the river; and pulling out his spectacles read a reasonable speech, which he delivered to the sheriff, and said the young Pretender was so sweet a prince, that flesh and blood could not resist following him; and, lying down to try the block, he said, 'If I had a thousand lives, I would lay them all down here in the same cause.' He said, if he had not taken the sacrament the day before, he would have knocked down Williamson, the lieutenant of the Tower, for his ill usage of him. He took the axe and felt it, and asked the headsman how many blows he had given Lord Kilmarnock; and gave him three guineas. Two clergymen who attended him coming up, he said, 'No, gentlemen, I believe you have already done me all the service you can.' Then he went to the corner of the scaffold, and called very loud for the warder, to give him his periwig, which he took off, and put on a night-cap of Scotch plaid, and then pulled off his coat and waistcoat and lay down; but being told he was on the wrong side, vaulted round, and immediately gave the sign by tossing up his arm, as if he were giving the signal for battle. He received three blows, but the first certainly took away all sensation. He was not a quarter of an hour on the scaffold; Lord Kilmarnock above half a one. Balmerino certainly died with the intrepidity of a hero, but with the insensibility of one too. As he walked from his prison to execution, seeing every window and top of house filled with spectators, he cried out, 'Look, look, how they are all piled up like rotten oranges!' My Lady Townshend, who fell in love with Lord Kilmarnock at his trial, will go no where to dinner, for fear of meeting with a rebel-pie; she says, every body is so bloody-minded, that they eat rebels! The Prince of Wales, whose intercession saved Lord Cromartie, says he did it in return for old Sir W. Gordon, Lady Cromartie's father, coming down out of his death-bed, to vote against my father in the Chippinham election. If his royal highness had not countenanced in veteracy like that of Sir W. Gordon, he would have no occasion to exert his gratitude now in favour of rebels."

We will now retrace our steps a little, and go back to the parliamentary struggle after the overthrow of the Walpoles. The following notices are extremely characteristic of the party violence and efforts of that day:—

"The night of the committee, my brother Walpole had got two or three invalids at his house, designing to carry them into the house through his door, as they were too ill to go round by Westminster Hall: the patriots, who

have rather more contrivances than their predecessors of Grecian and Roman memory, had taken the precaution of stopping the keyhole with sand. How Livy's eloquence would have been hampered, if there had been backdoors and keyholes to the Temple of Concord!"

On moving for a committee to inquire into the ministry of Walpole:—

"At eleven at night we divided, and threw out this famous committee by 253 to 250, the greatest number that ever was in the house, and the greatest number that ever lost a question. It was a most shocking sight to see the sick and dead brought in on both sides! Men on crutches, and Sir William Gordon from his bed, with a blister on his head, and flannel hanging out from under his wig. I could scarce pity him for his ingratitude. The day before the Westminster petition, Sir Charles Wager gave his son a ship, and the next day the father came down and voted against him. The son has since been cast away, but they concealed it from the father, that he might not absent himself. However, as we have our good-natured men too on our side, one of his own countrymen went and told him of it in the house. The old man, who looked like Lazarus at his resuscitation, bore it with great resolution, and said he knew *why* he was told of it; but when he thought his country in danger, he would not go away. As he is so near death, that it is indifferent to him whether he died two thousand years ago or to-morrow, it is unlucky for him not to have lived when such insensibility would have been a Roman virtue."

We proceed to select a few of the amusing miscellanea of which the volumes are so full.

"I have a good story to tell you of Lord Bath, whose name you have not heard very lately, have you? He owed a tradesman eight hundred pounds, and would never pay him; the man determined to persecute him till he did; and one morning followed him to Lord Winchelsea's, and sent up word that he wanted to speak with him. Lord Bath came down, and said, 'Fellow, what do you want with me?' 'My money,' said the man, as loud as ever he could bawl, before all the servants. He bade him come the next morning—and then would not see him. The next Sunday the man followed him to church, and got into the next pew: he leaned over, and said, 'My money; give me my money.' My lord went to the end of the pew; the man too—'Give me my money.' The sermon was on avarice, and the text, 'Cursed are they that heap up riches.' The man groaned out, 'O Lord!' and pointed to my Lord Bath. In short, he persisted so much, and drew the eyes of all the congregation, that my Lord Bath went out, and paid him directly. I assure you this is fact.

"Lord Bath has contributed a paper to the World, but seems to have entirely lost all his wit and genius; it is a plain, heavy description of Newmarket, with scarce an effort towards humour. I had conceived the greatest expectations from a production of his, especially in the way of the Spectator; but I am now assured by Franklyn, the old printer of the Craftsman, (who, by a comical revolution of things, is a tenant of mine at Twickenham,) that Lord Bath never wrote a Craftsman himself, only gave hints for them—yet great part of his reputation was built on those papers. Next week my Lord Chesterfield appears in the World—I expect much less from him than I did from Lord Bath, but it is very certain that his name will make it applauded."

We pass forward to A.D. 1751; and continue our entertaining selections.

"Our greatest miracle is Lady Mary Wortley's son, whose adventures have made so much noise: his parts are not proportionate, but his expense is incredible. His father scarce allows him any thing; yet he plays, dresses, diamonds himself, even to distinct shoe-buckles for a frock, and has more snuff-boxes than would suffice a Chinese idol with an hundred noses. But the most curious part of his dress, which he has brought from Paris, is an iron wig; you literally would not know it from hair—I believe it is on this account that the Royal Society have just chosen him of their body. This may surprise you; what I am now going to tell you, will not, for you have long known her follies. The Duchess of Queensberry told Lady Diana Egerton, a pretty daughter of the Duchess of Bridgewater, that she was going to make a ball for her; she did, but did not invite her; the girl was mortified, and Mr. Lyttleton, her father-in-law, sent the mad Grace a hint of it. She sent back this card: 'The advertisement came to hand; it was very pretty and very ingenious; but every thing that is pretty and ingenious does not always succeed. The Duchess of Q. piques herself on her house being unlike Socrates'; his was small and held all his friends; her's is large, but will not hold half of her's: postponed, but not forgot. Unalterable."

"You, who knew England in other times, will find it difficult to conceive what an indifference reigns with regard to ministers and their squabbles. The two Miss Gunnings, and a late extravagant dinner at White's, are twenty times more the subject of conversation than the two brothers, and Lord Granville. These are two Irish girls, of no fortune, who are declared the handsomest women alive. I think their being two, so handsome, and both such perfect figures, is their chief excellence, for singly I have seen much handsomer women than either; however, they can't walk in the park, or go to Vauxhall, but such mobs follow them, that they are generally driven away. The dinner was a folly of seven young men, who bespoke it to the utmost extent of expense; one article was a tart made of duke cherries from a hot-house; and another, that they tasted but one glass out of each bottle of champagne. The bill of fare is got into print, and with good people has produced the apprehension of another earthquake. Your friend St. Leger was at the head of these luxurious heroes—he is the hero of all fashion. I never saw more dazzling vivacity and absurdity, with some flashes of parts. He had a cause the other day for ducking a sharper, and was going to swear; the judge said to him, 'I see, sir, you are very ready to take an oath.' 'Yes, my lord,' replied St. Leger, 'my father was a judge.'"

"Did you (Walpole writes) ever receive the questions I asked you about Lady Mary Wortley's being confined by a lover that she keeps somewhere in the Brescian? I long to know the particulars. I have lately been at Woburn, where the Duchess of Bedford borrowed for me, from a niece of Lady Mary, above fifty letters of the latter. They are charming! have more spirit and vivacity than you can conceive, and as much of the spirit of debauchery in them as you will conceive in her writing. They were written to her sister, the unfortunate Lady Mar, whom she treated so hardly while out of her senses, which she has not entirely recovered, though delivered and tended with the greatest tenderness and affection by her daughter Lady Margaret Erskine: they live in a house lent to them by the Duke of Bedford; the duchess is Lady Mary's

niece. Ten of the letters, indeed, are dismal lamentations and frights on a scene of villainy of Lady Mary, who, having persuaded one Ruremonde, a Frenchman, and her lover, to entrust her with a large sum of money to buy stock for him, frightened him out of England, by persuading him that Mr. Wortley had discovered the intrigue, and would murder him; and then would have sunk the trust. That not succeeding, and he threatening to print her letters, she endeavoured to make Lord Mar or Lord Stair cut his throat. Pope hints at these anecdotes of her history in that line,

'Who starves a sister, or denies a debt.'

In one of her letters she says, 'We all partake of father Adam's folly and knavery, who first eat the apple like a sot, and then turned informer like a scoundrel.' This is character, at least, if not very delicate; but in most of them, the wit and style are superior to any letters I ever read but Madame Sevigné's."

News.—"The only thing talked of, is a man who draws teeth with a sixpence, and puts them in again for a shilling. I believe it; not that it seems probable, but because I have long been persuaded, that the most incredible discoveries will be made; and that about the time, or a little after I die, the secret will be found out of how to live for ever—and that secret, I believe, will not be discovered by a physician."

Of Astley, a painter, who had returned from Italy, Walpole says, neatly enough—

"Will Astley promise to continue to do as well? or has he, like all other English painters, only laboured this to get reputation, and then intends to daub away to get money?"

A picture of the times, May 1752:—

"There are two wretched women that just now are as much talked of—a Miss Jefferies and a Miss Blandy; the one condemned for murdering her uncle, the other her father. Both their stories have horrid circumstances; the first, having been debauched by her uncle; the other had so tender a parent, that his whole concern while he was expiring, and knew her for his murderess, was to save her life. It is shocking to think what a shambles this country is grown! Seventeen were executed this morning, after having murdered the turnkey on Friday night, and almost forced open Newgate. One is forced to travel, even at noon, as if one was going to battle."

"Miss Blandy died with a coolness of courage that is astonishing, and denying the fact, which has made a kind of party in her favour; as if a woman, who would not stick at parricide, would scruple a lie! We have made a law for immediate execution on conviction of murder: it will appear extraordinary to me if it has any effect, for I can't help believing that the terrible part of death must be the preparation for it."

Anecdotes of the younger Crebillon, and of France:—

"His father one day in a passion with him, said '*Il y a deux choses que je voudrais n'avoir jamais fait, mon Catilina et vous!*' He answered, '*Consoles vous, mon père; car on prétend que vous n'avez fait ni l'un ni l'autre!*'"

"The Duke of Richelieu's son, who certainly must not pretend to declare off, like Crebillon's, (he is a boy of ten years old,) was reproached for not minding his Latin: he replied, '*Eh! mon père n'a jamais su le Latin, et il a eu les plus jolies femmes de France!*'"

"Madame Pompadour's husband has not been permitted to keep an opera-girl, because it would too frequently occasion the reflection

of his not having his wife. Is not that delightful decorum? and in that country! * * *

"The Count Charolois" shot a president's dogs, who lives near him: the president immediately posted to Versailles to complain: the king promised him justice; and then sent to the count to desire he would give him two good dogs. The prince picked out his two best; the king sent them to the president, with this motto on their collars, *J'appartiens au roi!* "There," said the king, "I believe he won't shoot them now!"

The next few lines are a witty excuse for not corresponding very regularly:—

"We will write whenever we have any thing to say; and when we have not,—why, we will be going to write."

In 1754, Mr. W. tells his friend:—

"There is a court indeed as near as Kensington, but where the monarch is old the courtiers are seldom young: they sun themselves in a window like flies in autumn, past even buzzing, and to be swept away in the first hurricane of a new reign."

The name of Washington occurs in a singular paragraph, Oct. 6, 1754:—

"The French have tied up the hands of an excellent fanfaron, a Major Washington, whom they took and engaged not to serve for a year: in his letter he said, 'Believe me, as the cannon-balls flew over my head, they made a most delightful sound.' When your relation, General Guise, was marching up to Carthage, and the pelicans whistled round him, he said, 'What would Chloe give for some of these to make a pelican pie?' The conjecture made that scarce a rodomontade; but what pity it is, that a man who can deal in hyperboles at the mouth of a cannon, should be fond of them with a glass of wine in his hand! I have heard Guise affirm that the colliers at Newcastle feed their children with fire-shovels! * *

"You will have heard long before you receive this, of Lord Albemarle's sudden death at Paris: every body is so sorry for him!—without being so; yet as sorry as he would have been for any body, or as he deserved. * *

"Lord Bury was at Windsor with the duke when the express of his father's death arrived: he came to town time enough to find his mother and sisters at breakfast. 'Lord! child,' said my Lady Albemarle, 'what brings you to town so early?' He said he had been sent for. Says she, 'You are not well!' 'Yes,' replied Lord Bury, 'I am, but a little flustered with something I have heard.' 'Let me feel your pulse,' said Lady Albemarle: 'Oh!' continued she, 'your father is dead!' 'Lord! madam,' said Lord Bury, 'how could that come into your head? I should rather have imagined that you would have thought it was my poor brother William, (who is just gone to Lisbon for his health).' 'No,' said my Lady Albemarle, 'I know it is your father: I dreamed last night that he was dead, and came to take leave of me!'—and immediately swooned."

On the threat of a French invasion:—

"The righteous, who hate pleasures and love prophecies, (the most unpleasant things in the world, except their completion,) are finding out parallels between London and Nineveh, and other goodly cities of old, who went to operas and ridottos when the French were

* "The Count de Charolois was a man of infamous character, and committed more than one murder. When Louis the Fifteenth pardoned him for one of these atrocities, he said to him, 'I tell you fairly, that I will also pardon any man who murders you.'"

† "This was the celebrated liberator of America, who had been serving in the English army against the French for some time with much distinction."

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at their gates — yet, if Arlington Street were ten times more like to the most fashionable street in Tyre or Sidon, it should not alarm me: I took all my fears out in the rebellion; I was frightened enough then; I will never have another panic. I would not indeed be so pedantic as to sit in St. James's Market in an armed chair to receive the French, because the Roman consuls received the Gauls in the forum. They shall be in Southwark before I pack up a single miniature."

There is nothing new under the sun — only think of *cabs* about eighty years ago!

"All we hear from France is, that a new madness reigns there, as strong as that of *Pantins* was. This is *la fureur des cabriolets*; *Anglicé*, one-horse-chairs, a mode introduced by Mr. Child: they not only universally go in them, but wear them; that is, every thing is to be *en cabriolet*; the men paint them on their waistcoats, and have them embroidered for clocks to their stockings; and the women who have gone all the winter without any thing on their heads, are now muffled up in great caps, with round sides, in the form of, and scarce less than the wheels of chaises."

(To be continued.)

Pellico's Memoirs.

Le mie Prigioni: Memorie di Silvio Pellico, &c. Londra, 1833, Rolandi; Treuttel e Co.; Dulau e Co.; Bossange e Co.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

In our first notice of this book we promised to return, for a brief space, to the anti-English matter of the preface-writer; and we proceed at once to the unpleasant task.

"The victories of Buonaparte (he informs us) rapidly brought the whole of Italy under his control, with the exception of Sicily, Sardinia, and Malta."

We remember there was an act of our parliament to bring Malta into Europe, but we never heard till now that it was (as well as Sicily) a part of Italy!

But it is curious to observe how our "preliminary" writer, who proscribes and holds up to everlasting infamy the acquiescence in an *alleged* act of tyranny by an English admiral, can argue that another tyranny was tolerably good—and good in proportion to its power and extent!! Of the sway of Buonaparte in Italy he says, with a solemn *naïveté*, "No one can deny that in theory the government was one of the worst, being as despotic as it could well be. It would have been intolerable in practice, had it not been a strong and great government, in which individual acts of tyranny seldom occurred, and generally for some high reason of state."

Those who felt the want of a representative system, of a free press, of a more independent body of judges, of a responsible executive power, were, at that time, generally speaking, comparatively few. Most of these, moreover, saw that they were in a progressive state, and that the despotic system of Napoleon was, perhaps, the best for the Italians, to prepare and render them fit for self-government."

To crush a people by one of the worst governments that could be, being the *most despotic*, is, according to this rule, the best (for the Italians!), because it would teach them—(what?) self-government!!! Only listen to the sophistry of disloyalty and treason—of disloyalty to patriotism, and treason against common sense.

"The despotism of Napoleon was so strong and so gigantic as not to deign to render itself

obnoxious to individuals, or be influenced by petty passions or low motives in its onward march; but far different was the case with those who subsequently divided the spoils of his empire in the peninsula. Italy was at that period subdivided into several parts, not, however, with a view of restoring it to its ancient political existence, but of affording richer plunder to the several new and foreign rulers. Thus Venice was given to Austria; the wife of Napoleon had Parma as an annuity; to an Austrian prince, who usurps the name of Este, was given Modena; a Bourbon had a life interest in Inacca, and Genoa was betrayed by England into the hands of the King of Piedmont. The allies, and we along with them, treated nations like flocks of sheep, and cut up countries, Italy more than others, as a company who has received a new grant of uninhabited land in a colony would parcel it out into districts."

From this we learn, that powerless tyrants, who can do little or nothing, are more dreadful than an all-powerful tyrant, who could at his pleasure distribute the country as he chose, rob it of its treasures in money and, still more prized, in the arts, drain the last of its people to recruit his armies, and leave it bare and desolate. An "ancient political existence" is, for the sake of censure, assumed, which the writer would be sorely puzzled to point out since the days of the Romans; and England, almost the only country where the exile can find refuge, is vilified in the common slang of an Italian bandit and rebel.

And to what does all this falsehood and exaggeration tend? To palliate and excuse the worst of crimes. "Is it to be wondered at (says the writer) if the Italians are dissatisfied and hate their respective governments?—that they have recourse to the most desperate plans to get rid of them?—that they scruple at no means to obtain their end?"

The same sort of rodomontade runs through all this odious paper. Reasoning is despised; and words are used without meaning. Speaking of Pellico himself, for instance, the writer says,—

"We do not wish to affect a morbid philanthropy. We can conceive it to be the duty of a government to punish even political crimes with death; but we contend that under no circumstances, and for no crime, a person can be condemned to a slow death, the inevitable consequence of a treatment schemed with such refined cruelty. This is murder of the foulest description; and men of all nations, parties, or religion, must join in abhorring its perpetrators, and consigning their names to perpetual infamy, as those of monsters who are a disgrace to the human race."

Had we stopped here, we should of course have concluded that Pellico had been condemned to a slow death, and foully murdered agreeably to his sentence; but we read the book through, and were much astonished to find that he had been, it is true, doomed to death for a conspiracy against the Austrian government at Milan, but that his sentence had been commuted into imprisonment for fifteen years at Spielberg, (Austria having no distant colonies for transportation), and that the emperor had liberated him at the expiration of about half the period for which he had been condemned. That his sufferings were great and painful, who that feels what mere liberty is can question? but crime will be punished; and, without taking a side about principles—conspiracy, to be attended with bloodshed and massacre, will be deemed crime by those in

power against whom it is intended—we are free to say, that we think Signor Pellico would have been more hardly dealt with under similar circumstances in almost any other country in Europe. And with this remark, we dismiss this offensive introduction, and return to the memoirs.

Having in our first notice shewn the ludicrous side of the picture, we must, in common justice, allot two or three extracts to proofs of genuine feeling. Maroncelli, whom the author paints as a fine character, and who was one of his associates in misery, is obliged to submit to amputation for a tumour on his knee. The sketch is very affecting.

"My sick friend was carried from his dungeon into a larger room, for permission to have his leg cut off had just arrived. He begged me to follow him: 'I may die under the knife; and I should wish, in that case, to expire in your arms.' I promised, and was permitted to accompany him. The sacrament was first administered to the unhappy prisoner, and we then quietly awaited the arrival of the surgeons. Maroncelli filled up the interval by singing a hymn. At length they came; one was an able surgeon, to superintend the operation, from Vienna; but it was the privilege of our ordinary prison apothecary, and he would not yield to the man of science, who must be contented to look on. The patient was placed on the side of a couch, with his leg down, while I supported him in my arms. It was to be cut above the knee; first, an incision was made, the depth of an inch—then through the muscles—and the blood flowed in torrents: the arteries were next taken up with ligatures, one by one. Next came the saw. This lasted some time, but Maroncelli never uttered a cry. When he saw them carrying his leg away, he cast on it one melancholy look, then turning towards the surgeon, he said, 'You have freed me from an enemy, and I have no money to give you.' He saw a rose, in a glass, placed in a window: 'May I beg of you to bring me hither that flower?' I brought it to him; and he then offered it to the surgeon with an indescribable air of good-nature: 'See, I have nothing else to give you in token of my gratitude.' He took it as it was meant, and even wiped away a tear. The surgeons had supposed that the hospital of Spielberg would provide all that was requisite except the instruments, which they brought with them. But after the amputation, it was found that a number of things were wanting; such as linen, ice, bandages, &c. My poor friend was thus compelled to wait two hours before these articles were brought from the city. At length he was laid upon his bed, and the ice applied to the trunk of the bleeding thigh. Next day it was dressed; but the patient was allowed to take no nourishment beyond a little broth, with an egg. When the risk of fever was over, he was permitted the use of restoratives; and an order from the emperor directed that he should be supplied from the table of the superintendent till he was better. The cure was completed in about forty days, after which we were conducted into our dungeon. This had been enlarged for us; that is, an opening was made in the wall so as to unite our old den to that once occupied by Oroboni, and subsequently by Villa. I placed my bed exactly in the same spot where Oroboni had died, and derived a mournful pleasure from thus approaching my friend, as it were, as nearly as possible. It appeared as if his spirit still hovered round me, and consoled me with manifestations of more than earthly love."

Had the book been all like this, it would

indeed have been worthy of translation. But we must hasten to conclude. On the 1st of August, 1830, it was announced to Pellico, Maroncelli, and another, that the emperor had granted their liberty; and he says—

"After sunset, the director of police returned to escort us from our wretched prison-house. Our hearts, however, bled within us as we were passing by the dungeons of so many of our countrymen whom we loved, and yet, alas, not to have them to share our liberty! Heaven knows how long they would be left to linger here! to become the gradual, but certain prey of death. We were each of us enveloped in a military great-coat, with a cap; and then, dressed as we were in our jail costume, but freed from our chains, we descended the funeral mount, and were conducted through the city into the police prisons. It was a beautiful moon-light night. The roads, the houses, the people whom we met—every object appeared so strange, and yet so delightful, after the many years during which I had been debarred from beholding any similar spectacle!"

They were liberally treated by the government, and kindly taken in a carriage about Vienna to see its churches, gardens, and other public ornaments. They were then re-conveyed by Stiria and Carinthia to La Bella Italia.

"Mantua was the point of separation between Maroncelli and myself. We passed the night there, both filled with forebodings and regret. I felt agitated like a man on the eve of receiving his sentence. The next morning I rose, and washed my face, in order to conceal from my friend how much I had given way to grief during the preceding night. I looked at myself in the glass, and tried to assume a quiet and even cheerful air. I then bent down in prayer, though ill able to command my thoughts; and hearing Maroncelli already upon his crutches, and speaking to the servant, I hastened to embrace him. We had both prepared ourselves, with previous exertions, for this closing interview, and we spoke to each other firmly, as well as affectionately. The officer appointed to conduct us to the borders of Romagna appeared; it was time to set out; we hardly knew how to speak another word—we grasped each other's hands again and again,—we parted; he mounted into his vehicle, and I felt as if I had been annihilated at a blow. I returned into my chamber, threw myself upon my knees, and prayed for my poor mutilated friend, thus separated from me, with sighs and tears. I had known several celebrated men, but not one more affectionately sociable than Maroncelli; not one better educated in all respects, more free from sudden passion or ill-humour, more deeply sensible that virtue consists in continued exercises of tolerance, of generosity, and good sense. Heaven bless you, my dear companion in so many afflictions, and send you new friends who may equal me in my affection for you, and miss me in true goodness!"

On the 17th of September the captive at length rejoined his rejoicing family at Turin; and thus his narration ends:

"The happy day, the 17th of September, dawned at last. We pursued our journey; and how slow we appeared to travel! it was evening before we arrived at Turin. Who would attempt to describe the consolation I felt; the nameless feelings of delight, when I found myself in the embraces of my father, my mother, and my two brothers? My dear sister Giuseppina was not then with him; she was fulfilling her duties at Chieri; but on hearing of my felicity, she hastened to stay for a few days

with our family, to make it complete. Restored to these five long-sighed-for and beloved objects of my tenderness, I was, and I still am, one of the most enviable of mankind. Now, therefore, for all my past misfortunes and sufferings, as well as for all the good or evil yet reserved for me, may the providence of God be blessed! of God, who renders all men, and all things, however opposite the intentions of the actors, the wonderful instruments which he directs to the greatest and best of purposes."

Amen!"

Library of Romance, Vol. VI. The Slave-King. From the Bag-Jargal of Victor Hugo. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS peculiar and interesting romance well merited a translation, and the one before us is executed in a style likely to render it most popular with English readers, while the original French character is adequately preserved. There are some very interesting notes written, and a sketch of Domingo, from a gentleman lately a resident there, which are a valuable addition to the volume. We quote a pretty translation of a song introduced, as being most easily detached from the narrative:—

"O why that faltering step, dear maid, and that averted eye,
And that half shriek of woman's fear when'er thou deem'st
What terror to thy gentle breast the plaintive accents bring
Of one who only knows to love, to suffer, and to sing!

When wandering in the cocoa shade, if chance thy form I see
Glide sudden through the silent grove, what fear, what joy
My dazzled sight grows dim, my conscious heart beats wild and high—
I feel as if some spirit-shape had passed before mine eye!

When'er thy voice upon mine ear doth fall, to meet the strain,
My heart leaps up, and, trembling, breathes the music o'er
Music more sweet than the sweet birds of my own country sing,
The land where I was once a man—a freeman, and a king!

Yes, free!—yes, king!—alas! young maid, my freedom and my throne,
My country—all could I forget, remembering thee alone!
All, all—ay e'en revenge, though now at hand, the hour of fate,
When ripens that sweet-bitter fruit, so sudden yet so late!

Maria! like some graceful palm that near the fountain dwells,
And sees her own fair form enshrined within its mirror'd cells
Even so in thy young lover's eyes thou look'st, and can'st but see
The image of thy love and grace reflected back to thee.

But ah! the savage whirlwind lurks beyond the desert calm,
And sullen eyes that happy pair—the fountain and the he
He rushes o'er his arid bed, and clasps the victim round—
The waters shrink and dry; the tree falls withered to the ground!

* We ought to observe, that the translation is badly executed, and quite unworthy of the name of Roscoe. Not to go through the volume for instances, we will exhibit a few which occur in the portion we have had occasion to quote; adding the correction.

"Spesso le poverette mi assordavano colle loro canzoni, talvolta colle loro risate."—Sometimes I was almost deafened with their songs, at others with their bursts of maddened mirth." The poor creatures frequently deafened me with their songs, sometimes with their quarrels.

"Coraggio, mia cara: il Signore non abbandona alcuno. —Courage, courage, my poor dear: God is very good, and he will not abandon us." Courage, my dear: the Lord abandons no one.

"Chi v'ha dato del' ingannatrice? Un amante! E si copse il volto dal rosore."—Ah, then! who called you a little deceitful one before? "He did, sir! He did!" "And who is he?" "My lover, sir!" and she hid her face in her little hands." "Who called you a deceitful girl?" "A lover! and her countenance was suffused with a blush.

"Un'altra volta ch'ella s'abbandonò a simile slancio di filiale confidenza, io tosto mi vincolai dalle sue care braccia senza stringerla a me, senza baciarla, &c.—On another occasion, when she thus threw herself upon my confidence, I was really obliged to disentangle myself from her dear arms, ere I once pressed her to my bosom, or gave her a single kiss, &c. Another time when she abandoned herself to a similar burst of filial confidence, I disentangled myself immediately from her dear arms, without pressing her to me or kissing her.

Tremble, O radiant girl! lest aught thy paradise deform,
And round thee thou canst only see the desert and the storm;
The storm through which the love thou spurn'st, the
Katha's woe might be,
And lead thee o'er the dismal waste, to safety and to me.
Why, cruel, wilt thou thus reject the homage that I bring,
Why thus disdain the love that fires the bosom of a king?
True, I am black as night, and thou as radiant as the day!
Yet morn and eve their union bless, more beautiful than [they.]

We observe that these volumes will in future appear only every second month; and we think this an improved arrangement: the novelties succeeded too rapidly to allow of time for due appreciation. The first half year has now elapsed; and it is but fair to congratulate Mr. Leitch Ritchie on the general character of his publication.

The Mother's Manual; or, Illustrations of Matrimonial Economy. An Essay in Verse, with Twenty Plates. 8vo. pp. 82. London, 1833. Treuttel and Co.

MRS. TROLLOPE seems resolute to shine in every walk of literature—travels, novels, poetry. The present volume from her hand is a *jeu d'esprit*, in which Lady Hook, who has succeeded in marrying six daughters, instructs her sister, Mrs. Philtre, in the art of disposing of her three, who hang heavy on hand. We are rather surprised to find that the principal man-trap is represented to be a facility in rhyming; as our experience among rhyming misses (and we know at fewest ten thousand) does not corroborate the success of that accomplishment. As an example of Lady Hook, however, we select another recommendation.

"Then there's waltzing—that mother has but little skill,
Who can't make a waltz do almost what she will.
To the stiff—when leave's asked—she must instantly vow
That waltzing's a thing she can never allow;
But should she be anxious the form to display,
And is conscious, besides, that her girl shines that way,
She should say, 'By and bye she may dance with her brother,
But not for the world shall she waltz with another.'
To the travell'd, or such as would never endure
That his wife should seem prudish, because she was pure,
She may hint, that a waltz is the dear creature's passion,
But not often indulg'd in, although 'tis the fashion.
Most likely he'll lead her to join the gay ring,
And it's then that her net she must over him fling."

Another more general rule, in a few lines, and we have done:—

"Let all expenditure that meets the eye
Be pushed to what your utmost means supply;
And what is wanting to augment the sum,
Be scraped in quiet privacy at home."

The characteristic etchings after Hervieu are neat and spirited; but much more might be made of the subject matter.

The Abbess. By the Author of "The Domestic Manners of the Americans." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1833. Whittaker and Co. An improbable set of incidents, wire-drawn in a most Procrustean style, and with many very objectionable passages. There is an inherent coarseness, disagreeable in any writer, but unpardonable in a female.

Life of W. Roscoe. By his Son, Henry Roscoe. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1833, Cadell; Edinburgh, Blackwood.

A LIFE of Mr. Roscoe, in every point a desideratum, is further recommended to the favour of the public by the filial piety which has inspired its production. From humble, and apparently untoward circumstances, he raised himself to much consideration as a citizen of this great empire, and still higher as a standard classic in its everlasting literature. The whole of his course is skillfully and not too minutely traced; and letters to, and the correspondence

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of, many eminent persons, add value to the work. On the great questions of Slavery and Reform it is particularly strong; and, save only where the powers of Roscoe are balanced against the powers of Canning, we can concede to his ability all that the affection of his son demands.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

The distribution of the Society's prizes, by H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, took place on Monday last. The royal duke delivered the prizes to the (many youthful and fair) competitors in his usual kind and graceful manner. There were twenty-two prizes awarded in the classes of mechanics, chemistry, and agriculture; sixteen, in the class of polite arts; to amateurs for copies, three for originals; six to students in architecture, for architectural drawings; three to engravers; six to artists for copies, and twelve for originals. In addition to which the thanks of the Society were voted to nine individuals, for improvements in branches of the arts and sciences. Some poor deluded man interrupted the gratifying proceedings of the day, by putting forward his claim to a prize, for which there was no foundation. He is unknown to us, and, we believe, to every body else moving in the scientific world. From the awards we select the following as the most important:—

To Mr. George Whitlaw, Eglinton Street, Glasgow, for his proposed method of raising water, and his method of supplying water to high-pressure steam-boilers, the large silver medal.

To Mr. James Hopkins, 10, Caroline Street, Bedford Square, for his scales for obtaining geometrical foreshortened lines in architectural drawings, the silver Isis medal.

The thanks of the Society were voted to Mr. J. Bedford, of Leeds, for his method of preventing the calcareous deposit from hard water from adhering to the inside of steam-boilers.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

Anniversary Meeting.

MR. LAMBERT in the chair.—From the annual reports read, it appeared that there was a balance in favour of the Society, on the year's proceedings, to the amount of 317*l*. Thirteen fellows, four foreign members, and one associate, had died since last anniversary. The foreign members were, Professor Latreille, the celebrated entomologist, at Paris; Professor Rudolphi, of Berlin, distinguished for his researches in the class of animals denominated *Entozoa*; the famous Scarpa, and Professor Sprengel, of Halle, in Saxony. On the other hand, there had been elected into the Society, during the same period, twenty-eight fellows, seven foreign members, and four associates. Lord Stanley was re-elected president, Edward Foster, Esq. treasurer, Dr. Booth secretary, and Richard Taylor, Esq. under-secretary. At the last usual meeting a paper, on the organs of mosses, by William Valentine, Esq. was partly read. Professor Agardh of Lund, Count Sternberg, Drs. Brongniart, Blumé, Klug, Treviranus, and M. Fred. Cuvier, were elected foreign members.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

DR. GRANT on the development of the circulating system of man and animals; comparing the early stages of that system in the human embryo with the various forms of the circulating organs in the lower tribes of animals. The curious discoveries lately made in Germany of the existence of branchial arteries, and branchial openings on each side of the neck in the human embryo before the second month, and in the embryos of quadrupeds, birds, and

lizards, and also of the gradual conversion of these branchial arteries into the ordinary pulmonary and systemic trunks, have thrown much light on the development of this system in the vertebrate or highest division of the animal kingdom. In order, however, to demonstrate a unity of plan in the development of the vascular system throughout the whole animal kingdom, and to shew that this plan corresponds in all its stages with the development of the human circulating system, Dr. Grant traced the organs of the circulation from the simple plexus of vessels found in the lowest animals, without a heart, to the complicated hydraulic apparatus of birds and quadrupeds, where the four compartments of the heart have each a distinct function.

The various forms of the vascular apparatus in the lower classes of animals were illustrated by a series of coloured diagrams; and a corresponding series of magnified diagrams were employed to point out the analogous stages of the circulating system in the human embryo. The heart-forming tube of the articulated classes develops a ventricle only in the crustacea, and the auricle is developed in the molluscanous classes. The two auricles ascribed to many invertebrate animals, as conchifera and cephalopods, were shewn to be only parts of a single organ, divided as many other organs in the lower animals, and performing precisely the same function. They are no way analogous to the two auricles of reptiles and higher classes. The development of the *bulbus arteriosus* in cephalopods and fishes, as well as in the human embryo, Dr. Grant considers as a necessary preliminary to the division of the aorta into two trunks, and the formation of a separate pulmonary heart to be developed in higher classes. The aquatic life of fishes develops their branchiae, and its continuance retains them in the tadpole state. Their heart, with its bulb and five pairs of branchial arteries, is the embryo-state of the whole heart of man, and not of one side alone. The branchial apertures of the human embryo have been found in several cases to remain more or less open after birth, forming congenital fistulae of the neck; and according to Aescherson they have sometimes remained to the adult state. The metamorphosis of the branchial arteries into the pulmonary and systemic arterial trunks in the human embryo is effected nearly in the same manner as was long since pointed out by Rusconi in the salamander and other batrachia. The hepatic circulation in the human foetus also undergoes changes corresponding remarkably with the conditions of that system existing in the lower classes of vertebrate animals, as we observe the *vena porta* to distribute less and less of its blood through the liver, as we descend to the cephalopods, where the portal circulation ceases. The mode in which the cavities of the human heart are successively formed and arranged into a compact organ, and the mode in which the human branchial arteries are gradually converted into the trunks of the aorta and pulmonary artery, were also illustrated in detail.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MAY 29th.—Mr. Greenough, president, in the chair. After the election of fellows, a paper was read by Mr. Chaning Pearce on the apocrinites, or pear encrinite, found at Bradford in Wiltshire; and afterwards a memoir by Col. Charles Silvertop, on the tertiary formation of the province of Granada, and part of that of Savilla.

At the meeting held on the 15th instant,

Col. Colby presented to the Society, by order of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Town-land Survey of the County of Londonderry; and Capt. Beaufort presented, by order of the Lord Commissioners of the Admiralty, a complete set of the Admiralty Charts.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

W. R. HAMILTON, Esq. in the chair.—From the minutes of the anniversary meeting, which were read, we gathered that Sir George Murray, Bart. was elected president. The Earl of Ripon, who retired from that office in rotation, was elected vice-president. The royal premium was presented from the chair to Mr. John Briscoe, late commander of the brig *Tulla*, South Sea sealer, for his intrepidity and success in exploring high southern latitudes, during his voyage in 1831-2, whereby he had succeeded in discovering considerable tracts of land in 47° E., since called Enderby Land, and in 67° W., since called Graham's Land. In presenting the premium the chairman observed, that it was not the reward of a happy chance, but of long and persevering exertions. It was particularly agreeable to him to present it, inasmuch as the last premium was conferred for a discovery made by land, and it was gratifying to have the occasion of rewarding equal merit on another element. Proof impressions were laid on the table of a map of part of Georgia and Armenia, surveyed by Colonel Monteith, E.I.C.S., the original draft of which had been presented by him to the Society. Sir Henry Halford, Bart., and Colonel Jackson, St. Petersburg, were elected fellows of the Society, and others were proposed. The reading of a paper by Lieutenant Burne, on the Indus, was resumed. The analysis of this paper in our next.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

This was the last assembly but one for the session: it was remarkably well attended. Amongst the distinguished persons present were H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, the prime of Ireland, several bishops, Lord Lyndhurst, Chief-Justice Tindall, the Vice-Chancellor, the puisne judges, &c. A paper by Sir H. Halford, on the causes of the death of certain celebrated characters of antiquity, with reference to the knowledge of poisons possessed by ancient physicians, was read. The communication was fraught with classical allusions, and the learned president touched in order on the deaths of Sylla, in consequence of the rupture of internal abscess; of Crassus the lawyer, and friend of Cicero, from pleurisy; of Pomponius Atticus, also Cicero's friend, from fistula in the loins; of Socrates, by narcotic poison—probably hemlock; of Hannibal, who destroyed himself by poison; of Britannicus, whom Nero destroyed, no doubt by causing him to drink of laurel-water. While on these points, and others in connexion with them, Sir Henry displayed an intimate acquaintance with the state of medicine and the mode of treatment amongst the ancients; and shewed in some cases, as in the case of Sylla, that modern improvement had been anticipated by the physicians of antiquity.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MR. F. BAILY in the chair. The communication read was on the resistance of fluids to bodies passing through them, by Mr. Walker. In this paper it was incidentally stated that the great calculating powers of the boy George

Bidder, the recollection of which must still be fresh in the minds of our readers, have not been impaired, as was feared, but aided by a course of mathematical instruction, which he has been receiving since their development. He is now styled Mr. Bidder; and a paper from his pen, on the division of numbers, is promised to the Royal Society. A communication relative to certain chemical researches, by Dr. Graham, of Edinburgh, was partly read.

KING'S COLLEGE: DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

IT is at all times a gratifying spectacle to witness the cherishing youthful talent, and the encouragement of assiduity, by sterling marks of approbation; both of which were strikingly exemplified, May 25th, in the large theatre of King's College, when the Bishop of London presided at a numerous meeting of the friends and supporters of the institution, for the purpose of presenting to the successful candidates in the various branches of medicine and surgery, the prizes which had been previously assigned them by decree of their able preceptors.

The learned prelate having taken the chair, and stated the object of the meeting, proceeded briefly to advert to the present state of medical and surgical science throughout Europe; and in paying a proper tribute to the merits of the medical faculty of other countries, spoke yet more highly of the excellence of our own.

The right rev. chairman more particularly urged, that as, without a due arrangement of ideas, the study of medicine oftentimes possessed a tendency to lead the mind to scepticism, it behoved the professors to counteract this dangerous bias by earnestly and sedulously impressing on their pupils this most important truth, "that every new discovery which is made in medical, or indeed in any other science, proves still more incontrovertibly the existence, and enhances the glory of the Creator." Hence, by a due inculcation and judicious combination of moral and scientific instruction, King's College would, he (the bishop) doubted not, continue to send forth individuals imbued with a high moral feeling in addition to great professional skill. After a few further cursory observations, the rev. prelate called upon each professor to declare the motto of the successful candidate in his respective class to whom the silver medal had been adjudged; and on the student's name (enclosed in an envelope bearing a corresponding motto) being announced by the secretary, presented him with the reward of his assiduity—accompanying each gift with a judiciously varied observation, calculated at once to gratify the feelings and stimulate the ardour of the receiver.

Professor Green being here requested by the chairman to report on the general medical proficiency of the students who had contended for the gold medals, declared it to be of the most satisfactory description; and the learned professor, at the close of an appropriate and eloquent speech, introduced the successful candidates.

The last prize given was one which it appeared had been placed at the disposal of the council by Mr. Leathes, a proprietor (the fact betokening him a deeply interested one in the welfare of the institution), as the guardian of the two students who had most distinguished themselves by their regular good conduct, and attention to their religious duties. This prize was, upon the report of the principal (who spoke in high terms of the conduct of the medical students generally), presented to Messrs. Atkinson and Leacock; and was de-

clared by the rev. and learned gentleman to have been the more meritoriously obtained, inasmuch as, up to the very hour of distribution, it had not been known among the students that such a prize would be awarded. This closed the pleasing business of the day; and after an appropriate address from the chairman, the meeting (which comprised many ladies, who seemed to take a lively interest in the proceedings,) separated.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MAY 23.—Mr. Hudson Gurney in the chair. Mr. Wyndham exhibited a finely illuminated Psalter of the 15th century, which appears to have been given to a priory at Norwich in 1450. Mr. Willement exhibited an ancient deed, containing a grant of land from Hamo Bover to the prior and convent of Christchurch, Canterbury, in the year 1234, and the seal of Richard Fitz-Dering de Hayton. Mr. Beltz, Lancaster herald, presented a facsimile copy of an inscription on a leaden plate, of the 11th century, found in the year 1786 in a tomb, on the destruction of the church of a convent at Bruges. The inscription relates to Gunilda, the daughter of Earl Godwin, and sister of King Harold, whose reign commenced in 1066. She appears to have been highly venerated, and a service was annually performed at her tomb. Mr. Beltz observed that this lady had been confounded by some writers with another of the same or a similar name, who was daughter of Canute the Great, and sister of Harold Harefoot, who came to the throne of England in 1035. She married Henry, son of Conrad, emperor of Germany, and, after having had a son, was accused of adultery, and having produced a champion to vouch her innocence, succeeded in a trial by combat; after which she divorced herself from her husband, and retired to a convent. The inscription found at Bruges cannot relate to the daughter of Canute, as it particularly notices her virginity.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

THE Right Hon. the Earl of Munster, V.P. in the chair.—Among the donations were some volumes of medical lectures, written in the Persian and Bengali languages, by P. Breton, Esq. H.E.I.C.S., for the use of the native students in Bengal; presented by W. B. Bayley, Esq. Four curious old charts of the eastern seas, delineated on vellum, presented by Thomas Perry, Esq. &c.

Paper read.—A description of the native vessels used on the coasts of Coromandel, Malabar, and Ceylon, by Mr. Edge; the reading of which had been commenced on the 18th of May. In no part of the globe, perhaps, have the peculiarities of local situation and vicissitudes of climate been more ingeniously provided for in the construction of vessels, than the coasts of the Indian seas; and the skilful adaptation of their form and construction to meet the varying circumstances to which they are exposed, is illustrated in Mr. Edge's paper, not merely by minute verbal description, but by a series of diagrams, exhibiting the plan of every vessel; without which, indeed, the best descriptions would be unsatisfactory. Commencing with the simplest form, viz. the catamaran, which is only three logs of wood lashed together, the author goes on to the Point de Galle canoe; canoe of the Malabar coast; maula boats of Madras; pattamars and other boats of the western coast; the Arab dhow, a vessel used for war; the buggerow, one of the most ancient vessels used in those parts, &c. &c.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Fourth Notice.]

No. 462. *Mouth of the Seine; Quille-lauf.* J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—An extraordinary effect of light and colour; for which, however, we have no doubt that Mr. Turner had the authority of nature.

No. 474. *The Death of Locke.* E. Chatfield.—We give Mr. Chatfield great credit for the talents which he has displayed in this picture; but, as we have already said of a work of a similar character,—the better it is painted, the more painful is its contemplation.

No. 407. *The Banyan Tree.* W. Daniell, R.A.—A spirited and pleasing representation of this singular production of nature.

No. 434. *The Golden Age.* C. W. Cope.—A subject more Utopian could hardly have been selected. The drawing and composition are good; and Mr. Cope has very appropriately communicated to his work some of the most glowing hues of the palette.

No. 424. *Head of a Philosopher—a Sketch.* W. Etty, R.A.—One of those spirited studies which we hardly wish to see carried further.

No. 86. *Contention.* J. Ward, R.A.; No. 94. *A Heath, showery—noon.* J. Constable, R.A.;

No. 85. *The Lantern.* T. Webster; No. 200. *The Romance.* R. W. Buss; No. 216. *The Hungry Competitors, or Candidates for a Breakfast.* D. Passmore, jun.; No. 14. *A Musical Party.* W. D. Kennedy; No. 9. *The Old Bridge at Scariffe, Ireland.* C. R. Stanley; No. 313. *The Watering Place—evening.* J. J. Chalon, A.; No. 269. *The Young Entomologist.* J. Watson Gordon; No. 289. *Caliban, Trinculo, and Stephano.* J. Cruise; No. 290. *A Girl with a Flower.* W. Boxall; No. 101. *Ghent.* G. Jones, R.A.; No. 219. *Finished Sketch from the Lord of the Isles.* H. Singleton; and many others, which our limits will not allow us to particularise, are well worthy the notice of the visitor.

Before we descend from the three principal rooms, we will briefly advert to the portraiture. As good and loyal subjects, our attention must first be directed to the portraits of his most gracious majesty, of which there are three, all whole-lengths: one by Sir W. Beechey, R.A.; another by D. Wilkie, R.A.; and the third by J. Simpson. It is by no means advantageous to the respective artists, to be thus brought into a kind of invidious comparison. Satisfied that all have done their best, we leave the merits of the rival sovereigns to speak for themselves.

It gave us great pleasure to observe the present coming forward so prominently this year. His portraits of Sir Gilbert Blane, Marquess Wellesley, the Bishop of Worcester, the Lord Chief Justice, and Sir George Staunton, are among the best works that we have ever seen from his vigorous pencil. Mr. Wilkie (besides the picture of the king, to which we have already adverted) has a finely-conceived and executed whole-length of H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex; as a picture most admirable, but we confess that we do not think the resemblance a striking one. Mr. Phillips's portraits, especially those of Benjamin Harrison, Esq., the Rev. Dr. Jones, Mrs. Graves, the Honourable Colonel Woodhouse, and Mrs. Curtis, are distinguished by that able artist's usual amenity of character and colour. Mr. Pickersgill has imparted great life and spirit to his portraits of Baron d'Humboldt, the Marquess of Bath, and A Lady. Our regret at finding the pencil of Mr. Briggs employed in portraits

painting is diminished by the historical character which he has given to his fine portrait of *Mr. Thurlow, in a dress of the time of Charles I.* Mrs. J. Robertson has a charming portrait of the *Hon. Mrs. Pelham*; and Mrs. W. Carpenter, another of the *Countess of Denbigh*: the last-named fair artist has also a strong likeness of *Mr. Justice Patteson*. If Mr. Clint would only add wings to his exquisitely beautiful portrait of *Miss Beswick*, he might exhibit it (we hope without offence to Mr. Colman) under the title of *An Angel*. The portrait of *His Excellency S. Van de Weyer, the Belgian Ambassador*, by Mr. Reinagle, is one of the most animated heads in the great room; and his portraits of *Mrs. Lane and her Son* also possess great merit. Mr. Wood's portrait of *Thomas Stothard, Esq. R.A.*, is an admirable resemblance of the veteran artist. Of several portraits by Mr. Linnell, painted with his usual firmness and decision, two of the most characteristic are those of *W. Mulready, Esq. R.A.*, and the *Rev. Dr. Batten*. Mr. Mayer's head of *Mrs. Kitchenier* is a perfect gem. There is great vivacity and beauty in *The Sketch*, by Mr. Middleton. Mr. Eastlake's portrait of *S. L. Hammick, Esq.* is very carefully painted, and is pervaded by an admirable tone of colour.

[To be continued.]

THE British Institution has opened one of the most national, most appropriate, most interesting, and most valuable exhibitions that ever graced its walls, did honour to the genius of the past, and gave incitement to the genius of the future. A collection of the productions of the last three Presidents of the Royal Academy are separately arranged in three rooms. Here, the glowing colours and fancy of Reynolds throw their magic over the walls; there, the more sober and elaborate compositions of West awaken the mind and exercise the judgment; and in the third, the beauty and elegance of Lawrence charm the taste. Of the first, there are fifty; of the second, fifty-one; and of the last, forty-three fine pictures. Let the world visit them; and then speak, if it can, in dispraise of the English School!!

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

At the anniversary, held in Freemasons' Hall on Saturday, the Marquess of Lansdown presided, and was supported by the Earl of Shrewsbury, Earl de Grey, Sir Martin Shee, Sir W. Beechey, Mr. Wilkie, Mr. Phillips, Sir Harris Nicolas, and other eminent artists and literary men. After the customary toasts, the noble chairman, whose health was drank with great applause, spoke with much feeling in favour of the Institution, and warmly recommended it to the support of the assembly. Nor was the appeal unsuccessful, if we may judge by a subscription to the amount of between five and six hundred pounds, which was announced by Mr. A. Robertson, the honorary secretary. Other appropriate addresses were delivered by the noble persons we have named, by Sir M. Shee, and by others; and the company did not separate till the evening was prolonged towards the midnight hour. Broadhurst, with several musical associates, and also the German minstrels, contributed largely to the social enjoyment of the occasion; and it afforded us high satisfaction to observe, from the printed statement distributed with the list of subscribers, that the fund is prospering, at a period when there is so much of distress to demand all the aid it can afford. The Society holds nearly 9000*l.* in the 3*½* per cents, besides

a few hundred pounds in the 3 per cents; and have been enabled to relieve 347 applicants out of 426, by sums making a total of 2957*l.* So truly beneficent a charity can hardly need a panegyric from us: the good it does requires only to be known to procure for it more ample means of alleviating the sufferings of one of the most meritorious classes which can be exposed to misfortune in any country.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Edmund Kean, Esq. Designed and engraved by E. A. Porteus.

ALTHOUGH but a small head, conveying much of the powerful expression of the great tragedian.

Lieut. James Holman, R.N. F.R.S. &c. the celebrated blind Traveller. Drawn from life on stone by M. Gauci. Andrews and Co.

WE can vouch for the likeness in Mr. Gauci's portrait of this extraordinary and enterprising man. He is represented holding in his hand the figure of a New South Wales chief; and in the back-ground is a view of Adam's Peak, in New South Wales. His forthcoming work will, we understand, give an interesting account of both these objects.

Major's Cabinet Gallery of Pictures. Nos. IX. and X.

RUYSDAEL, Barocci, Claude, Murillo, Louthembourg, and Berckheyden, have furnished the illustrations for these two numbers of Mr. Major's work. The variety is pleasing, but none of the prints are above mediocrity, and most of them are much too dark and heavy. We perfectly agree with Mr. Cunningham in his general estimate of Louthembourg as an artist, but he has not done justice to the "Eidophusikon." He is not old enough to recollect it—we unfortunately are; and certainly a more striking and fascinating exhibition we never saw. Sir Joshua was a frequent, and Gainsborough almost a constant, visitor to it; and both these great artists expressed their warm admiration of the extraordinary taste and ingenuity which it displayed.

Covent Garden Theatre, London. Drawn, engraved, and published by R. W. Billings.

A VERY elaborate and beautifully etched outline, on a large scale, of this magnificent structure; extremely creditable to the talents of the young artist, who gained by the drawing the Isis medal of the Society of Arts. It is taken from the sixth seat of the lower gallery; and in the style of execution (although we understand only Mr. Billings' second attempt at etching) approaches more nearly the French prints of a similar description than any thing we have seen in this country. Mr. Billings has dedicated it to Mr. Charles Kemble.

Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Life and Works of Lord Byron. Part XV. Murray.

As beautiful as usual. "Rhodes," from a drawing by Turner, is a spirited and sparkling gem; but our favourites are, "Mount Olympus" and "the Vale of Tempe," from drawings by Pusey. The eye may long dwell on them—especially on the latter—with tranquil delight. There is great sentiment in the portrait of "the Countess Guiccioli," from a recent drawing by Brockedon.

The Byron Gallery, Part VI. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS Part completes the publication, and contains illustrations of "Childe Harold," by Sir

T. Lawrence; "The Maid of Athens," by A. E. Chalon; "The Corsair" and "The Island," by H. Richter; "The Bride of Abydos," by Decaisne; and "Sardanapalus," by E. T. Parris. We were especially charmed with the beauty of Mr. Decaisne's design, founded on the following well-known lines:—

"The next fond moment saw her seat
Her fairy form at Selim's feet;
'This rose, to calm my brother's cares,
A message from the Bulbul bears;
It says, to-night he will prolong
For Selim's ear his sweetest song.'"

MUSIC.

SOCIETA ARMONICA: SIXTH AND LAST CONCERT.

THE taste and judgment shewn here in the choice of instrumental pieces cannot be too highly commended: one among many other instances, was the selection, on this occasion, of Spohr's symphony in E flat; a composition of such exquisite beauty, and so admirably performed, that it would have well repaid the trouble of a visit to the Opera-rooms, even had there been nothing else worth hearing. Messrs. Berbiguer and Ribas, in a concerto for two flutes, displayed a sweet tone and much clever execution. But the grand attraction, the crowning glory of the night, was Mori's violin solo (a fantasia by Mayseder) which well deserved the burst of enthusiastic applause that followed it. His polished and masterly execution scarcely gave us more delight than his good taste in refraining from imitating any of Paganini's absurdities. The little that he introduced in this way was neither disagreeable nor ridiculous, which is more than can be said for the other violin-players of the present day;—not excepting even the refined and elegant De Beriot.

The vocal part of the concert was highly attractive; the performers, Mesdames Cinti and Schroeder, and Signors Donzelli and Tamburini, sang several favourite airs, duets, &c., which we regret we have not leisure to particularise. Q.

MR. SALAMAN's concert, to which we adverted last week, had, with all its excellencies, one great fault—it was so long, that those who remained to the end of it could not have reached their homes till about one o'clock. This is bad for all parties; but it arose, no doubt, from a laudable anxiety on the part of Mr. Salaman to entertain his audience, and, it would seem also, from an idea that much more than his own piano-forte playing was necessary to that end. Mr. S. will easily forgive us for differing from him on this point. His performance of Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor was one of the best features of the concert. Besides an exquisitely beautiful touch and highly finished execution, he possesses a considerable degree of taste and feeling, which the composition in question gave him good scope to display. Beethoven's fine symphony in C minor formed an auspicious commencement to the evening's entertainment; it was well played, especially the slow movement, in which the wind instruments were particularly sweet and effective. Among the vocal performers were Donzelli, Zuchelli, and Mesdames Pasta, Schroeder, and De Meric, with two young ladies, pupils of the latter, who made a tolerably successful *début* on this occasion. Q.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE compositions performed by the Philharmonic on Monday week, being well selected, mostly from living masters, gave the seventh

concert an interest at least equal to any of the preceding evenings. It commenced with Beethoven's symphony No. 1. in C, which is so pleasing and intelligible, and, though nearly half a century old, as free from any thing like antiquated matter, as if it had been composed but yesterday. After Signor Tamburini's spirited aria, "*O colpo impensato!*" (*La Gazza Ladra*), Mr. Hummel delighted us with an excellent MS. concerto. The performance itself might well be called inimitable, if we did not wish to hold it up for imitation to every lover of a classic style. On the Chevalier Neukomm's "*Fantasia Drammatica*" (MS.), composed expressly for the Philharmonic Society, the opinions of the judges were rather at variance; it nevertheless bears the marks of a masterly hand. Mr. Potter's new MS. *sinfonia* in G minor, also composed expressly for the Society, after having been favourably received on the trial night, went most honourably through the ordeal of a Philharmonic audience. Hardly indeed, if at all, has any English composer written a symphony equal to this. It is a work which, besides what study can produce—skillful counterpoint, and effective instrumentation—is rich in excellent and original ideas. The last movement especially, the most vigorous and animated, is entitled to the highest praise. After Madame Pasta and Signor Tamburini had exerted their brilliant talents in "*Se la vita*," (*Semiramide*), Lindley and Dragonetti enraptured all those remaining in the room by Corelli's celebrated duetto; and Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon* closed this very excellent concert.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday we had a novelty, in the shape of a serious ballet, in which (though scenery and dancing were incidentally introduced) the main business consisted of the representation of a tragical story, that of *Inez de Castro*, by action; the principal performers expressing the tale by gesture and looks. This was regulated by music, which gave an odd formality to some parts, but had the effect of keeping the *ensemble* in a measure of order not otherwise attainable. A scheme for a grand alliance between the crowns of Spain and Portugal (and, as my Lord Chancellor Brougham would add, and the *Algarves*), is frustrated by the secret marriage of the Portuguese Prince *Pedro* (Ronzani) to the fair *Inez* (Pallerini), who has a trifle of two children in the way of any other alliance. The king, his father (Cortesi), is indignant, and his proposed bride, *Bianca* (Signora Cortesi), is in a still more inflammatory condition; while her courtiers, who had come to see her married, not rejected, are in a diabolical rage. *Inez* is tried for the offence of wedding the heir to the crown, and condemned to die; but the worthy king is touched by her affliction and the appearance of the children—and pardons her. Not so the Spaniards. They carry her off, and, in effect, destroy her,—and the prince slays the chief conspirator at the feet of his dead wife. It is difficult to say whether this style of thing is likely to become popular or not. Notwithstanding the talent displayed—and there was much of truth, and energy, and nature—a number of drawbacks interfere with the perfect success of such spectacles on this stage and in England. The fashionable world at the Opera House, towards the end of their day's toil of pleasure, can hardly enjoy aught but what is extremely light and unintellectual. Thought or emotion is a burden at such a

time and in such a place. Then we are quite unused to this species of entertainment; and we suspect, that, like olives or caviare, it wants some experience to cultivate the necessary taste. Farther, the foreign manner of expressing certain feelings and passions is almost grotesque and ludicrous; it is strange to us, and we do not recognise its power. The stamping of the feet, and whirling of the hands, were thus rather laughable than pathetic. Nevertheless, there were portions of this scene of very great force and interest. A little girl, the daughter of Inez, and Inez herself, in resisting the bravos, were admirable: her death was, indeed, too close to reality. The *Pedro*, also, is full of fire and vigour. Altogether, trying the matter by its true standard, which is, as we have said, a foreign one, we are inclined to speak very favourably of the ballet; but we are not sure that it will please John Bull, who tries every thing by his own laws, habits, and opinions; who thinks a Frenchman's shrug ridiculous, a Spaniard's mustachio curl contemptible, a German's gravity farcical, and an Italian's gesticulation extravagant. To conclude, *Bianca* looked and played well—and *Inez* had more of merit than beauty to sustain her in the character.

DRURY LANE.

ON Tuesday a new operetta, in one act, by Mr. Planché, and the music by M. Chelard, called the *Students of Jena*, was produced at this theatre with complete success. Malibran having been advertised all last week as the last nights of her engagement, of course played the principal character in the novelty of this week; because people ought to understand, that, in the Drama, being finished means being about to begin again; and taking leave, only continuing a more intimate acquaintance. This is, however, but a common-place of the stage; and teaches us, that when the public are told they are to see a favourite performer no more, it ought to be considered as an announcement that his or her term has been renewed, and that the trick is merely one to stimulate curiosity. In the present instance it was an agreeable disappointment to have Malibran in a part suited to her various powers—some sweet music, and two or three pieces likely to be very popular. Templeton also sang well; and the little opera was throughout well supported.

ADELPHI.

THEY told us a false fact last week when they said this English Opera (thrice a-week) was shut till July. On the contrary, Mr. Bernard produced a new piece on Tuesday, in which Reeve played a resuscitated *Mummy*, whence the name, and shewed that brandy was the genuine *elixir vitae*.

UNREHEARSED STAGE EFFECTS.

Astley's. May 18.—*The Giant Horse* is a brilliant jumble. *Menelaus* is called "Menelaus of Troy," "Troy's proud hero," &c. *Paris*, "Paris of Greece," "the Grecian prince," &c., and *Helen* is *Hecuba's* own daughter; the horse is a Trojan device; *Paris* besieges *Troy*, the *Greeks* are its inhabitants, and become the victims of its besiegers: lastly, *Bacchus* sports a pair of spurs, and sundry of the heroes wear the jack-boots of modern horse-guards.

Drury Lane. May 20.—Madame Malibran, as *Count Belino*, thus discovered herself to her deadly foe *Toraldi*,

Yase, detested villain, I am Toraldi!

Instead of "*I am Belino*." It is customary to

raise the green curtain almost immediately after its descent, when a red one is discovered behind, "making the green one red." On this occasion the two became entangled, and the red curtain was torn up to the height of eight or nine feet, and would doubtless have been bisected to the very top, had not the mischief been discovered, and its increase prevented by again lowering the green ditto.

Haymarket. May 24.—Nothing can be more amusing than the *ad lib*s which any one may hear going on at this theatre (be the piece what it may) who chooses to stop there till three o'clock in the morning or so. "Now, girls," cries Mrs. Glover, bustling on in *Open House*, "let's make haste, it's very late." "Oh, ma!" cries Mrs. Humby or Honey, "there's Mr. Somebody upset the table, and Mrs. Something's silk dress is in such a condition!" "That's not Buckstone, I'm sure," whispers Mrs. G. Then private jokes out of number are cut, remarks on each other, and on the audience, and Mrs. Tayleure cannot speak her part for enjoying the fun; and her best points are literally stifled by her laughter at nobody knows what, and they giggle at each other, who are meant to be fiercely quarrelling, and off they run, and in they hurry, and gag away again, till down comes the curtain, like a huge extinguisher, and home go the handful of audience, wondering, in the broad daylight, what it's all about.

Covent Garden. May 25.—*The Israelites* and their deadly foes the *Egyptians* (in the oratorio) are one and the same body of folk, excepting only, that when the former declaim in chorus against the latter, they wear white petticoats, and when the latter against the former, striped ditto. When the thunderbolt struck Mr. Wilson (*Pharaoh's* son), it literally set him on fire. He stood, not knowing whether to die or not till he was put out, but at last tumbled, in the hope he might thereby extinguish himself. He lay, however, in a state of combustion. A fine dramatic effect it would have been but for the graceless bustle wherewith Seguin, *Pharaoh*, huddled his own robe over the flaming vestments of his son, and the anxious and uplifted face wherewith the dead man surveyed the operation. Miss Shirreff, as the Egyptian queen, did not brown her face as she was wont, and was infinitely fairer than the wife of *Pharaoh* should be. She wore a large chain round her neck of the date 1833, and breathing much more of *Regent Street* than the *City of Memphis*. Being *Mosaic*, however, I presume she considered it strictly in character. A wag near me hinted that she might have rendered so many *links* serviceable under the infliction of the plague of darkness. *Pharaoh's* wife makes herself up as a young lady of twenty, and *Moses*, Phillips, as an old gentleman of seventy at least; but, surely, were they to exchange ages, each would be more correct; that is, if it be true that the lady's daughter found *Moses*, an infant, in the bull-rushes.

Covent Garden. May 27.—*Die Zauberflöte*. As the bills, and even the books, request us particularly to admire the newness and correctness of the scenery, properties, and dresses, it is meet that I proclaim that they are collected partly from the last pantomime, greatly from the *Tartar Witch*, and mostly from the dramatic oratorio. Her Shafer, as *Alas* the priest, wore the identical trappings of *Pharaoh*, worn by Seguin the Saturday before. A terrible accident happened at the end of the buffo duet between *Papageno* and *Papagena*. Her Hertz, the former, suddenly lifts up Madame Meis-

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singer, the latter, off the stage, holding her as high above it as was possible, and was running off with her in that position, when he lost his balance and fell! The fall of the lady from such a height (her head being eight or nine feet from the stage) excited a sensation of no very pleasant description. Had I not seen her name in the bill of the next day, I should certainly have concluded she was either quite killed or considerably crushed by the accident.

VARIETIES.

Fancy Fair in the Regent's Park, for the benefit of the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear.—We do not know when we have witnessed so pretty or so animated a scene as these gardens presented last week. What rarely happens on the occasion of an English fête, there was no rain; and the weather, in its charity to the fine dresses, set a good example. There was a very gay-looking crowd dispersed about, and seemingly well pleased with the arrangements made for their amusement. Music always communicates its own cheerfulness, and two different bands were in attendance. We must make honourable mention of the Siffleur, whose imitations attracted all the company and all the birds in his neighbourhood. We can only add, that we know no charity better managed, or more worthy of public support, than this Dispensary, which alleviates one of human nature's most melancholy infirmities.

Baron des Adrets, having taken the city of Grenoble, was exceedingly cruel to many of the captives. He erected a large platform on the summit of a tower, and caused a great number of the vanquished to precipitate themselves from this dizzy height. If any were too timid, they were thrown over. One of the soldiers ran twice to the edge of the platform, but he had not resolution enough to leap off. The cruel Des Adrets said to him, sharply, it was enough to have twice sounded the ford. The soldier replied, with a happy pleasantry, that he would give the general four times to do it. This answer relaxed the stern governor, and induced him to save the poor fellow's life.

—*Treatise on Happiness.*
“There are three sorts of things in the world,” says the Abbé Brotier, “that know no kind of restraint, and are governed by passion and brutality,—family quarrels, religious disputes, and civil wars.”—*Ibid.*

Compliment to the Female Sex.—In one of the ancient councils, it was proposed as a question of doubt, “Whether women were human creatures or not?” and, after a long debate, the question was decided in favour of their humanity.—*Ibid.*

Story told and believed by the late Dr. Balthazar, regis of Canterbury:—“My brother Morris has a fish-pond, and all of a sudden the fish were gone; they dragged the pond, and afterwards drained it, but not one fish was to be found. At last my brother ordered his men to dig into the mud; and when they had dug a great depth they perceived a smoke. Digging farther, the smoke increased till they came to a chimney, and the roof of a house: they untiled it, and in the room below found a little old man and woman broiling the very last fish; and if my brother had not discovered them, and taken them to his own house, they must have been starved!”—*Ibid.*

Dr. Jeremy Taylor says, “Celibacy, like a fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness.”—*Ibid.*

When the Duke of Rutland was viceroy of Ireland, Sir John Hamilton attended one of

his grace's levees. “This is timely rain,” said the duke; “it will bring every thing above ground.” “I hope not, my lord,” replied Sir John, “for I have three wives there.”—*Ibid.*

Charity.—Charity, says the proverb, covers a multitude of sins; and we are always prone to atone for a portion of our *Lit. Gaz.* transgressions by doing any thing we can to promote its blessed cause. It is therefore that we anticipate a pure gratification on Thursday, by attending the anniversary meeting of the London, &c. Charity Schools at St. Paul's; when her Majesty has signified her intention to be present. We do not, however, mean disloyally to insinuate that, by this act of charity, our gracious Queen has any misdoings to cover; but simply that the crown cannot boast a richer gem than one of this water.

Ancient Armour.—One of the interesting spectacles of the week has been a view of ancient armour in the Haymarket, which Mr. G. Robins is to cause to change owners next week. Many of the specimens are rich, many curious, and nearly all instructive for the historian and antiquary. Most of them are familiar to us; and the stoutest, that have borne the dint of many a desperate battle, will now find that Mr. Robins's hammer is more potent in leading to a change of owners than even the mastery of the tournament, or the fatal accident of war.

Our zoological cabinets, hitherto so deficient in the rarer productions of the West Indies, will be soon augmented by the most valuable collection from those regions ever brought to this country. The late Rev. Lansdowne Guilding, so well known in the zoological world, and who unfortunately died in St. Vincent's last year, has appointed Mr. Vigors and Mr. Swainson joint trustees for the disposal of his museum, library, &c.; and these scientific treasures have now been brought to this country by his widow. Desirous of discharging this duty with the greatest benefit to Mrs. Guilding and her infant family, the trustees have resolved that these objects should be offered for private, rather than by public sale, upon a fair valuation; so that any person may select such specimens only as are desired. The packages, however, are so numerous, and their contents, if displayed at the same time, would occupy so much space, that it has been determined to bring them before the public in portions. Thus the shells, the insects, the corals, &c. will be ready for inspection in a few days, and these will be succeeded by other portions. The museum, as may be imagined, is chiefly composed of West India animals; but these are intermixed with numerous others from the continent of tropical America, and also from other countries. The whole are admirably and scientifically arranged; while the exquisite perfection of the specimens,—a circumstance so unusual in collections made abroad,—will excite the admiration of the most fastidious collector. We have been gratified by a sight of such as are already unpacked, and trust that many of these matchless specimens will grace the public museums now forming in London. We are anxious also to co-operate with the eminent naturalists above named, by giving this publicity to their intentions; cordially hoping that their plan for benefitting “the widow and the fatherless” will receive encouragement and support, not only from those who knew and admired the talents of Mr. Guilding, but from those who collect natural productions generally.

Pun.—A lady presented a gentleman with a rose the other day, which he placed on his

breast, when the flower was accidentally broken off, and nothing but the stalk remained. “I hope,” said the fair, “you will value even that for my sake.” “On my soul, I will!” was the reply; “I can never cease to remember that you are a dear-stalk-er.”

Conundrum.—Why is a water-cart the best trade in summer? Give it up? Because it can “down with the dust.”

American Publications.—We observe, from the last No. of *Knickerbocker's* (New York) Magazine, that they have begun publishing a *National Portrait Gallery* in the United States. The first part was to give the portraits of Messrs. M'Donough, Carroll, and S. L. Mitchell. An American edition of *Croker's Johnson* had also issued from the press in two octavo vols.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A volume of Poems, by Lady Emmeline Stewart Wortley.

The Colonies; treating of their value generally, &c., by Colonel C. S. Napier, C.B., with lithographic plates.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Loudon's Encyclopedia of Cottage and Farm Architecture, 8vo. 3. bds.—Wiffen's Historical Memoirs of the House of Russell, 2 vols. 8vo. 2s. 2s. cloth: royal 8vo. In dia proofs, with an additional Volume of the Lineage of the First Race, 3s. 12s. 6d. cloth: Lineage of the First Race, in a separate volume, royal 8vo. 7s. bds.—Turner's Annual Tour (on the Loire) for 1833, 8vo. 21s. morocco.—Pittcairn's Criminal Trials, Part X. 4to. 30s. sewed; ditto, complete, 4 vols. 4to. 7s. 17s. 6d. bds.—The Friends' Library, Vol. IV. 18mo. 1s. 6d. bds.—Caulfield's Defence of the Doctrine of Imputed Righteousness, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—A Subaltern's Furlough, by Lieutenant Coke, 8vo. 15s. bds.—Turkey and its Resources, by D. Urquhart, Esq. 8vo. 9s. 6d. bds.—A Translation of the Epistles of Clement of Rome: Polycarp and Ignatius, &c. &c. by the Rev. T. Chevalier, 8vo. 14s. bds.—Fletcher (R.) on the Influence of the Troubled Mind on the Health, 8vo. 12s. bds.—An Outline of the Geology of Norfolk, by S. Woodward, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Phœnician Ireland, by H. O'Brien, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Elmslie's Critica, editio T. E. Grattan, Part I. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Rev. Sir C. Harding's Plain Discourses, Vol. II. 12mo. 5s. bds.—Maxims and Hints for an Angler, 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—The Orationologues, by John Galt, illustrated by John Martin, 4to. Part I. 6s. sewed; 12s. India.—Life of William Roscoe, by Henry Roscoe, 2 vols. 8vo. 30s. bds.—Henry St. Clair and the Martyr of Freedom, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Dunlop's Law of Patronage, 8vo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Memoirs of Mrs. Inchbald, by James Boswell, Esq., 2 vols. 8vo. 28s. bds.—The Preacher, Vol. V. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Tales for Winter Evenings, by a Lady, 18mo. 2s. cloth.—Rose Sidney, by a Lady, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.—Improvement; or a Visit to Grandmamma, by Mrs. H. Bayley, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.—Herodotus, edited by Long, 1 vol. 8vo. 15s. cloth; 12mo. 10s. 6d. cloth.—Characteristics of Goethe, by Mrs. Austin, 3 vols. 8vo. 30s. bds.—Gil Blas, with Illustrations by Cruikshank, 3 vols. 12mo. 12s. bds.—Sketches of Canada and the United States, by W. Mackenzie, 8vo. 10s. bds.—Parliamentary System of Short-Hand, by T. Parker, 32mo. 1s. 6d. sewed.—Williams's Rhymes and Rhapsodies, 12mo. 6s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1833.

May.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday. 30	From 40 to 69	30.18 to 30.24
Friday. 31 37. .. 70	30.28 Stationary
June.		
Saturday .. 1 40. .. 77	30.18 .. 30.05
Sunday 2 46. .. 75	29.96 .. 29.57
Monday .. 3 46. .. 67	29.51 .. 29.33
Tuesday .. 4 40. .. 63	29.35 .. 29.29
Wednesday 5 39. .. 70	29.64 .. 29.70

Prevailing wind, S.W.

The 2d cloudy, with rain in the evening; otherwise generally clear.

Rain fallen, .475 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.
Latitude 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Bunn.—As we are assured that Mr. Bunn is bona fide the lessee of both the great theatres, we beg to make that reference to our last No.; and to say, that though we cannot this week resume the consideration of his letter, we purpose doing so next Saturday. With some of his views we perfectly agree; and shall cordially support all that looks to the improvement of the Drama. But the reform must not be directed to only one or two of the evils which have degraded it.

Mr. Baldock's medico-metaphysical letter seems to be strongly tinged with lunacy.

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ABBOTSFORD SUBSCRIPTION.—

At a numerous Meeting of Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Ladies, Friends and Admirers of Sir Walter Scott, held at the Mansion House, on Saturday, the 18th of May, The Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR in the Chair, the following Resolutions were proposed and unanimously adopted:—

Moved by the Most Noble the Marquess of Salisbury, and seconded by the Lord Bishop of Exeter:—
1. That Sir Walter Scott, from his vast and varied genius as an author, from the pure and blameless course in which that genius was exerted, and from the high and unblemished integrity of his public and private character, has the highest claims on the respect and admiration of his countrymen.

Moved by the Earl of Cadogan, and seconded by Mr. Ald. Birch:—
2. That as a public manifestation and permanent memorial of this feeling, it appears most desirable that Abbotford should be preserved as a tribute of admiration to his genius.

Moved by the Lord Bishop of Llandaff, and seconded by the Rev. H. H. Milman:—
3. That the City of London, whose example in every public undertaking it anxiously watched, and whose great wealth has been always so liberally dispensed than honourably gained, should show itself forward and zealous in behalf of this national object.

Moved by the Lord Bishop of Gloucester, and seconded by Sir Thomas Dyke:—
4. That the gentlemen and ladies present at this meeting thereupon agree to make every exertion in their power to promote the Abbotford Subscription in the City of London.

Moved by the Right Hon. Henry Ellice, seconded by Mr. J. A. Park:—
5. That P. Laurie, Esq. and Mark Boyd, Esq. be requested to undertake the offices of joint treasurers and honorary secretaries in the City of London.

Moved by R. A. Dundas, Esq. and seconded by the Hon. C. J. Shore:—
6. That the thanks of this meeting be given to the Lord Mayor, for his kindness and activity in calling it, and for his conduct in the chair.

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